NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

L. MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment-----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

VOLUME III.---NO. 25. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1842. | WHOLE NUMBER 129.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At 143, Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ All remittances, and letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper, should be addressed to ISAAC T. HOPPER.

☞ Letters relating to the editorial department should be addressed to L. MARIA CHILD.

TERMS.—$2,00 a year, in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Liberator.

THE FANEUIL HALL MEETING.

REMARKS OF S. E. SEWALL,

Chairman of the Faneuil Hall Meeting, October 30, 1842.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I rejoice to see so large an audience assembled in this place, on such an occasion as this. I rejoice that freedom is still alive in the neighborhood of her birth. I rejoice to find that liberty cannot be invaded in the person of the humblest individual, but the sympathies of the whole community are awakened. The circumstances of the outrage which has just been committed, and which has become the occasion of our meeting to-night, are perhaps as much in my own knowledge as in that of any other person; and I will, therefore, briefly state them, especially as many present may probably be but partially acquainted with them. I had expected that Mr. Merrill, who has been associated with me in the defense of this case, would have stated it here to-night; but I do not see him present, and I will therefore proceed.

A few weeks ago, a person named George Latimer came into Massachusetts. How he came I know not. His color was the same as our own. He might have passed through this assembly, and been thought a white man. He states that his mistress emancipated him by will; that she died; but that her daughter destroyed the will. He, therefore, claims that he ought to be free by the laws of Virginia. Some time after this, George Latimer was seized here as a runaway slave, by James B. Gray, of Norfolk, Virginia. He at first was charged with theft, but this was only a pretense. He was taken without warrant or any process of law, in a way not tolerated in this commonwealth, and never permitted but in a slave State. (Applause.) There was no warrant, no legal process, no evidence. Without any lawful authority, he was seized and dragged to a cell under the court-house, and there he lay some time. In the meantime, some colored persons applied for a habeas corpus, by which he was then brought before the judges of the Supreme Court. The jailor and sheriff there stated that they held him under the authority of *his master*. A charge of theft was next day brought against him before the police court. There was no hearing, but he was about to be bound over, to be produced in ten days, the slaveholder trusting that, in the meantime, the United States Court would sit, and the case be tried before Judge Story. As soon as he was ordered to be bound over, several gentlemen offered bail. But, instead of bailing him, the charge of larceny was abandoned by the prosecutors: doubtless fearing that the bail would have a better right to the person; and solely on the authority of the master, he was carried back to jail. Neither the sheriff nor the jailor was under any authority to receive him. It was an abuse of the public jail, by the public servants, to take him there. (Exclamations of indignation.) Judge Story ordered the hearing to be deferred till the 5th of November, to afford time to the *master* to produce evidence against his freedom. This procedure is altogether in the face of our State law. Why should Latimer be informally seized by Gray, without a shadow of legal process, and dragged to jail in a manner both contrary to our principles and our feelings? But a writ of personal replevin, as it is called, was issued, and $1000 security offered to the jailor, who held him in custody, for his reappearance at the next term of our court of Common Pleas. The jailor refused to listen to the mandate. (Name! name!) Since then, a writ of habeas corpus has been sued out to try his rights under the writ of personal replevin, and I hope before to-morrow night he will be at large. Such is the case, as far as it has gone at present, which has called us together to-night. It is a deeply interesting one in itself. But there is one more consideration which deepens its interest. I refer to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. [Mr. Sewell here entered into the particulars of that decision, by which the rights of humanity were left defenseless, by giving to the slaveholder the right to seize his victim, without warrant or process of law.] It is this decision which makes the situation of this man, and of all colored people, so alarming. [Cries, "and of white men, too!" followed by great applause.] Now, gentlemen, for what are we assembled? What is to be done to protect both colored and white men from kidnappers—to deliver our soil from man-hunters? We ought to devise means for the security, not of the free only, but of the slave; for no human constitution, no human law, *can* be binding upon us to deliver up the fugitive slave! There is a higher law within us, which binds us to assist the oppressed. I appeal to you all, if it be not so! (Strong cries—"*Yes! yes!*") Is there one of you, if a fugitive were demanded of him, would deliver him up? (No! no! no!) Yet every one of you would incur the penalty of the United States' law who should refuse. Do you fear that? (No! no! no!) Let us now determine on the course we are to pursue. Let us get our own legislature to pass a law, that no officer of Massachusetts shall assist the slaveholder. Bad as this decision of the Supreme Court is, it yet admits that the State has a right to prohibit the giving of aid in such a case by its citizens. Massachusetts can make it a penal offense in her magistrates to give a certificate, and in her police, sheriffs, &c. to give aid. All this may be done, in perfect consistency with the United States law.

These changes being effected in our State law, what could the slaveholder do here? Nothing! nothing but what he could effect by his own unaided main force. Fellow-citizens! as thus much lies in our own power, I trust we shall exert ourselves. (Good! good!) Farther still than this. Let us call upon Congress for its action also; and when the United States officers and magistrates shall have been forbidden to aid the slaveholder, he will be left to see, when he comes among us to seize his prey, how little it amounts to that he can do with his own hands.

These two things, fellow-citizens, should be forthwith done; and they are almost all that will be needed for the slave; though nothing but the total abolition of slavery can satisfy the feelings of a genuine freeman; and this, my friends, will take place far sooner than this community now thinks.

REMARKS OF EDMUND QUINCY.

MR. MODERATOR: I rise to move the adoption of the resolutions which have been read. When I was first invited to take upon me this honorable duty, I felt a degree of delicacy at undertaking it, on the ground that I am not, at this moment, technically, a citizen of Boston. But I remember the maxim that obtained on this subject in a republic of old—that, however long the absence of a citizen from the place of his nativity, however distant his wanderings from its soil, the moment he re-entered the gates of Athens, he became again an Athenian. And so I feel with regard to this beloved city of my birth. Though removed a little from her maternal presence, I yet cannot forget that I am still her son. Whenever I enter within her precincts, I feel my rights of citizenship re-attaching themselves, and stand up among my fellow-citizens once more, a Bostonian. (Applause.)

And there is another reason—private, and peculiar to myself, perhaps, but which I do not blush to acknowledge on this occasion and in this presence—which made me the more bold to appear before you to-night. Though we are happily exempt, sir, from hereditary distinctions in this land—and there is certainly no one who rejoices more sincerely at this exemption than myself—yet there is one thing which I do claim as my birthright—the hereditary privilege of uplifting my voice in this place in behalf of Liberty! (Applause.)

Great scenes has this hall in past days witnessed; but, mighty as they were, they made but the first act of the grand drama. New actors and other scenes have since followed. But, oh! sir, how different from the ones that were discerned by the prophets of Freedom from Pisgah's top! If those old great men, who used to throng here to create the revolution, could have seen in prophetic vision, what our eyes have actually looked upon, would they have attempted the unavailing task? Look at the scenes of which this city has been, and is even now the theatre, and say if they would not deem that the blood which they then poured out like water had been shed in vain?

If such is all the liberty they hoped, they need not have encountered the perils of their seven years' conflict; for could they not have enjoyed it under the paternal rule of George the Third? Ay, and under Nicholas of Russia, too, or Metternich?

I could not, sir, in the few moments I shall occupy, even recapitulate the outrages to which liberty has been subjected. I pass over the right of prayer, trodden in the dust. I pass over the denial of the right of our citizens to inhabit other States. I pass over the many deadly wounds which have been dealt to all our rights and liberties, through the fatal compromises of the Constitution in behalf of slavery. I will only regard, for a moment, the outrage which has called us together this evening.

A MAN, created in the image of God, "endowed by his Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," deeming those rights invaded by the system of American slavery, of which he finds himself the victim—a system which has been characterized as "the vilest beneath the sun"—a slavery of which that our own revolutionary fathers talked about, and to be delivered from the very shadow of which they plunged into a seven years' war, was but a type—this man sought to escape from his prison-house. And how did he seek his deliverance? By an appeal to arms, and to the God of battles, as did our sires? By struggling thro' his oppressor's blood as they did? No; he resorted to the simplest natural right of one wrongfully restrained—the right of escape. He turns his face to the north star, which he has been falsely told hung over a land of liberty. He threads the forest—he hurries by night across the green swamps—he lies concealed by day in the tangled canebrake—he dares the treacherous morass—he fords rivers—he scales mountains; but he shuns the face of Christian man as his deadliest foe! At last, he reaches the free States, but he rests not from his pilgrimage until he has taken sanctuary in the very birthplace of liberty. Here he places his feet upon our hearthstone, and demands hospitality and protection. He lays hold, as it were, of the obelisk which you have reared on yonder height—a memorial of the first great battle of freedom—as one of the horns of the very altar of liberty, and entreats you not to make it a lying monument, but to secure to him the rights which you yourselves prize so dearly. And with what reception met this demand upon the humanity—the Christianity—the love of liberty of Boston? The signal of the chase was given—the immoral game is on foot—a pack of bloodhounds, in human shape, is put upon the scent—they pursue, seize, and hold him down, with the oppressor himself for the master of the hunt, and the second judicial magistrate in the nation for the whipper-in! *Your* police officers and jailors, under the compulsion of no law, are the voluntary partakers of this hideous chase; and *your* streets, and *your* prisons, form the hunting-ground on which the quarry is run down and secured. The safeguards of liberty, and the privileges extended to an unconvicted man, which our British ancestors struggled long and hard to secure, and which our revolutionary fathers vindicated as their birthright, are denied to him. The habeas corpus is of no avail for his protection. Even the privilege of being released on bail, which is extended to every criminal, from the least to the greatest, excepting to those charged with capital offenses, is refused to one accused of no crime but that of loving liberty too well. On the unsupported oath of the party most interested in the case—the natural enemy, by his own showing, of his intended victim—he is thrust into a dungeon, built with your money, and kept by your servants, to allow time for the production, or the manufacture, (and this is a kind of manufacture, let me tell you, sir, which needs no tariff for its protection,) of the evidence necessary for his delivery to his exasperated oppressor. And this, we are informed, from the bench, is the usual practice in such cases! And to this frightful fact we are but just beginning to awake! Fellow-citizens, of which of our rights may we not next be deprived, by those judge-made laws, called precedents? Precedents! What servile judge ever lacked a precedent for his compliances with the will of the tyrant of the hour? [*Cries of never! never!*] No! never! Are the names of Scroggs and Jeffries inscribed on the page of history, in the blackest lines of infamy, because they did what they did without precedent? Why, sir, you know the books were full of them. They need not have gone back further than the days of the great Lord Bacon, and the great Sir Edward Coke, to find precedents enough for judicial subserviency to the prevailing tyranny. Had the Lord Chancellor Jeffries and the Lord Chief Justice Scroggs lived in the days of Elizabeth, or of the first James, instead of dying in the Tower, or on an obscurity of disgrace, they would have lived out honored lives, and their ashes would have reposed under marble mausoleums in Westminster Abbey. Their misfortune was that they lived half an age too late. And if the construction of the Constitution of the United States, and of the duties it imposes, be the true one, those officers in the New England States, at least, may have reason to wish, for their own honor, that they had lived half a century sooner.

But this is a duty which they are bound to perform! The sovereign power may, if it choose, assign certain dirty work to a particular office; but no power on earth can compel an honest man to exercise that office. The punishment of death is regarded in almost all countries, as the necessary sanction of the laws; but who ever thinks of taking the hangman by the hand, and calling him friend? I trust that the time will soon arrive, when, if *this* construction of the Constitution and of judicial duties be maintained, there cannot be found in New England, a man so base as to accept such an office—that there will not live a man born within her limits vile enough to occupy a station, however gilded with title and crowned with dignities, which thrusts upon him the hateful function of SLAVE-CATCHER-IN-CHIEF FOR THE NEW ENGLAND STATES! No! If this work is to be done at the bidding of the slave-power, let it at least send a satrap of its own, to see to the due performance of this part of its pleasure.

Other gentlemen will follow me, and I shall therefore close. But, before I sit down, let me warn the people here assembled that their rights, as well as those of George Latimer, are here in question. Ours is a system of government, under which one member cannot be injured without all the rest feeling a responsive pang; under which one is all, and all are one. When this man was seized by his pursuers, and fell gasping beneath their united assaults,

"Then you, and I, and all of us fell down,
And bloody treason triumphed over us."

There is not a man who hears me, who is not liable to be seized by any other man in want of a slave, and there, by a decision supported only by judge-made precedent, detained until the manufacture of evidence, (a manufacture, let me tell you, which it needs no tariff to protect,) and then hurled into slavery! [Confusion in the centre of the hall, and cries, "We are white!"] Tell me not of your white faces! I have seen slaves whiter than most of you! [That's a lie!] There are in this hall, hundreds and hundreds of witnesses of the facts. Nay, it is confidently believed that there are not a few white persons sold as slaves. This, therefore, comes home to the business and bosoms of us all. Let every one here, who loves his own wife and children, his parents or friends, take up this subject, as well those whom the largest philanthrophy impels to action. It is a subject connected with all our rights, and inseparably connected with their true enjoyment. It appeals to our sympathies, our consciences, our hearts, our understandings, and our interests. By the memories of the past, by the hopes of the future—for the sake of your fathers, your children and yourselves, I conjure you to take heed that you neglect not your duty in this behalf.

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips said—Fellow-citizens, I will ask your attention but a single moment. I wish only to hear my testimony in favor of liberty. [uproar.] There are husbands, brothers, sons before me. I ask, in the name of humanity, that you will hear me speak for a son and a husband. [great confusion.] No generous man will try to drown my voice, when I plead the cause of one not allowed to speak for himself. Many will cry, "Shame," *here*, when they are told of the imprisonment of an innocent man. But where shall that shame rest? On the head of a poor officer, who, for a dollar, obeys his writ? On needy attorneys, who would sell the fee simple of their souls for an attendance fee of thirty-three cents a day? on ambitious lawyers, panting to see their names blazoned in southern papers as counsel for slave-catchers? No. They are but *your tools*. *You* are the guilty ones. The swarming thousands before me, the creators of public sentiment, bolt and bar that poor man's dungeon to-night. [Great uproar.] I know I am addressing the white slaves of the North. [Hisses and shouts.] Yes, you dare to hiss me, of course; but you dare not break the chain which binds you to the car of slavery. [Uproar.] Shake your chains; you have not the courage to break them. This old hall cannot rock as it used to, with the spirit of liberty. It is chained down by the iron links of the United States Constitution. [Great noise, hisses and uproar.] Many of you, I doubt not, regret to have this man given up—but you cannot help it. There stands the bloody clause in the Constitution—you cannot fret the seal off the bond. The fault is allowing such a Constitution to live an hour. A distinguished fellow-citizen is reported to have said in this hall, that the "abolitionists were insane enough to think that the duties of religion transcend those they owed to the Constitution." Yes, silly men that we are! we presume to believe the Bible outweighs the statute book. [Continued uproar.] When I look upon these crowded thousands, and see them trample on their consciences and the rights of their fellow-men, at the bidding of a piece of parchment, I say, my CURSE be on the Constitution of these United States! [Hisses and shouts.] Those who cannot bear free speech had better go home. Faneuil Hall is no place for slavish hearts. [Hisses.] Fools! you know not the inestimable value of free speech. Cowards! you dare not hear a colored man speak in these liberty-loving walls! [Great confusion.] Fellow-citizens, no law binds our police to aid the slave-catcher, nor our jailor to keep slaves. If they act at all, they are volunteers. Shall our taxes pay men to hunt slaves? Shall we build jails to keep them? [Uproar.] If a southerner comes here to get his lost horse, he must prove title before a jury of twelve men. If he comes to catch his slave, he need only prove title to any justice of the peace whom he can make his accomplice. Again, if he comes for his horse, he sues at his own expense. If he comes for his slave, it seems he is to get him at ours! I record here my testimony against this pollution of our native city. The man in the free States who helps hunt slaves, is no better than a bloodhound. The attorney who aids, is baser still. But any judge who should grant a certificate, would be the basest of all:

"And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour him opens wide."

Are you ready yet to hear a colored man speak? There appearing some slight disposition to listen, Mr. Remond took the platform, but an uproar immediately ensued, and he was at last compelled to desist.

ABUSE OF THE LAWS.

I would call your attention to the following article in the New World, detailing the facts and the law in relation to the arrest of an alledged fugitive, in Brooklyn, in August last. I was unable to express myself with as much freedom with regard to slavery as I could wish; but I think the article is of a bolder character than the southern readers of the New World could approve. Its insertion by the editor, as editorial, I cannot but regard as one of the many signs of the spread of anti-slavery sentiments at the North. JOHN JAY.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, once addressed his countrymen in these words: "Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. * * * Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? 'But,' you reply, 'what Athens may have lost in reputation, she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity—a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved; houses beautified and repaired? Away with such trifles. Shall I be repaid with counters? An old square new vamped up—a FOUNTAIN! an AQUEDUCT! Are these acquisitions to boast of? Cast your eyes upon the MAGISTRACY, under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors."

The proneness of men, in their admiration of trifles, to disregard matters of importance, is exhibited in our day, as it was in that of Demosthenes; but we trust that as the Croton glorification is now over, and the praises of the *aqueduct* and *fountain* have been sung again and again, our citizens will condescend to glance for a moment at the abominations committed by men, holding among them offices of the highest trust and dignity, and hearken to the recital of an act of wickedness, of atrocity, sufficient to make their ears tingle.

About the 12th of August last, a man calling himself *J. C. Gantz*, applied at our police office for a warrant to arrest EDWARD SAXTON, a colored resident of Brooklyn. He there made an affidavit to the effect that Saxton was his slave, and had, by means of forged papers, prepared by himself or some other person, effected his escape from Mobile, Ala. where he (Gantz) resided, and was then, as he believed, concealed in Brooklyn. Upon this affidavit, which was sworn to before Mr. Justice EPHRAIM STEVENS, a warrant was issued by that magistrate to arrest the said Saxton, and bring his body before the justice. This warrant was placed in the hands of officer WILLIAM STEVENS, of the police court, who proceeded to Brooklyn, had the warrant endorsed by a judge of that city, named Copely, procured the assistance of a Brooklyn officer, named Barkaloo, and, accompanied also by the alledged master, arrested Saxton at Anderson's Mansion House, in Brooklyn, on the charge of his being a fugitive slave, brought him to this city, and took him, first to a house in the Bowery, and thence to the boat for Philadelphia, without bringing him before the police. Officer Stevens accompanied the claimant and Saxton to Baltimore, where he left the latter in jail, and on his re-arrival at New-York, returned the arrest warrant to a clerk of the police.

These facts having been brought to the knowledge of a member of the bar of this city, application was made by him at the police office for certified copies of the affidavit and warrant, on which Saxton was arrested, as being public records; on which to found an indictment for misdemeanor, against Justice Stevens, for issuing process illegally, and against the officer, Stevens, pretending to act under it, for kidnapping. Copies of these documents were refused by one of the other justices, (Stevens being absent,) on the ground that Justice Stevens might wish to withdraw from the files, "and keep in his exclusive possession, all evidence likely to convict him of an illegal act;" and on application for advice to the district attorney, J. R. Whiting, Esq. that lawyer expressed the opinion, from which we entirely dissent, that a public officer was at liberty to withhold all evidence, even though existing in the shape of public records, as the affidavit and warrant in this case, that would tend to criminate himself. The matter was not allowed to drop upon this pretense, but by the advice of the mayor, the gentleman, on an affidavit of the facts, known and believed to be true, obtained from the district attorney subpœnas for witnesses, and brought the matter before the grand jury, who made a discovery of the facts as we have given them, with more full particulars, by the testimony of the officers Stevens and Barkaloo, and other witnesses. The issuing of the warrant was proved by the entry thereof in the books of the police, but the writ itself had disappeared, having probably been withdrawn by Justice Stevens, as soon as he heard that the inquiry was about to be instituted.

Nothing, to our knowledge, has been heard of Saxton, beyond the limits of the Baltimore jail: for we are informed that officer Stevens deposed before the grand jury that Saxton, after his arrest, acknowledged himself to be the slave of Gantz, and consented to go with his master—giving Stevens a certificate to that effect. We do not learn that he explained why it was necessary, if Saxton was willing to go, that he should accompany the master, holding Saxton in his custody till he reached a slave State, and there thrust him into jail. Such are the facts of the case; and now for the law.

That no justice of the police court is empowered to issue a warrant for the arrest of an alledged fugitive from labor, is a fact as well known to the justices of that court as that they have cognizance of petty larceny. The proceedings to be had in every claim of this nature, are marked out with a distinctness that defies mistake. The revised statutes (vol. ii. p. 561—part iii. chap. ix. tit. i. art. i.) provide,

"§ 14. No justice of the peace, magistrate, or other officer, appointed under the authority of this State, other than the courts and officers herein authorized to issue writs of habeas corpus, shall be authorized to grant any warrant or other process to arrest any person alledged to be a fugitive from labor or service, or to grant any certificate of any proof having been advanced of the title to any claimant to the service of any such fugitive. And every officer violating this provision shall forfeit five hundred dollars to the party aggrieved, and shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

The police justices have not the power to issue writs of habeas corpus, nor was it ever pretended that they had such power, and therefore the issuing of the warrant in this case by Justice Stevens, was in defiance of an express prohibition of the statute. It was, by the terms thereof, a misdemeanor, and the justice, by that unlawful act, has, in addition, forfeited five hundred dollars to the party aggrieved, who is Edward Saxton.

The reader will find it difficult to believe that the grand jury, who examined into this case, and had both the facts and the law before them, refused, by a vote of ten to eight, to find a bill against Justice Stevens for illegally issuing a warrant for the arrest of an alledged fugitive. We know that Justice Stevens is a democrat, and we are informed that most of those, who voted against finding the indictment, were also democrats; but does that explain the mystery? They were sitting there not to shield a culprit from the penalties of the law because he might be their associate, not to indulge their feelings of enmity or of friendship, nor yet to exercise their generosity, but to administer justice.

"An indictment will be found of course," remarked a gentleman to the district attorney, while the matter was pending before the grand jury, "as the facts are proved, and you have advised them as to the law."

"The facts are proved, and I have advised them that the warrant was illegally issued," was the reply; "but whether they will find an indictment or not is questionable."

"How can they avoid it, after the oath they have taken?" asked the gentleman; "they would not dare to perjure themselves."

"Ah! my dear sir," was the reply, "if you had seen half that I have seen, you would not ask that question—perjury is committed every day."

On what plea or pretense, or for what reason the members of the grand jury who voted against finding an indictment, pursued a course apparently so inexplicable, it is not our business to inquire. That is a matter for their own consciences to determine—a matter to be settled with that high and holy Judge, to whom they had solemnly sworn "diligently to inquire and true presentment make, of all such matters and things, as should be given them in charge; to present no one from envy, hatred, or malice, nor leave any one unpresented from fear, favor, affection, reward, or hope of reward, but to present all things truly as they came to their knowledge, according to the best of their understanding; so help them God."

Let us now look at the conduct of officer William Stevens, who, under the warrant, arrested Saxton, and, without the authority of any warrant, carried him to Baltimore, and left him in jail. In the first place, the warrant, under which he pretended to act, required him to bring the body of Edward Saxton before the justice, which he did not do, but carried him beyond the limits of the State; and having put him without the territorial jurisdiction of the court, returned the warrant to the police office. Of this disobedience to the orders of the court which he obeyed in part, by seizing the body of Saxton, it does not appear that any notice was taken by the justice, which affords a strong presumption that there was no misunderstanding in relation to the whole procedure between the justice and his subordinate.

Let us, then, see what the provisions of the law are respecting the arrest of fugitives from justice, that we may clearly understand the nature of the outrage of which this officer was guilty, and discover by what term this offense is described by the statute. As for the alledged acknowledgment by Saxton that he was a slave, and that he was willing to go with the claimant, and his certificate in writing to that effect, which officer Stevens says was given by him, we must regard such acknowledgment, or such a paper, if indeed any such were given, as of no account whatever; for at that time Saxton was in duress, being unlawfully held in custody by this very officer, by virtue of a warrant illegally issued, and therefore void. And the fact that the master employed this officer to travel with him to Baltimore, holding Saxton in his custody, only dismissing the officer when he was secured within the fastnesses of a jail, is sufficient, we should think, to satisfy the most sceptical that Saxton was an unwilling prisoner.

Had the application of Gantz, for the arrest of Saxton, been made to a competent court or officer, no such warrant could have been obtained by him until he had delivered a bond to the people of the State in the penal sum of one thousand dollars, with two sufficient sureties, inhabitants and freeholders of the State, to be approved of by the court, conditioned to pay all the costs and expenses that should accrue in the prosecution of the writ legally chargeable to him, the cost of supporting the fugitive while it was pending, and in case the jury should render a verdict against his claim, all the costs and expenses of the proceeding, and in addition, one hundred dollars to the alledged fugitive for the damages he should sustain. The writ having been granted, and the alledged fugitive arrested, an impartial jury would have been drawn and duly sworn, well and truly to hear, try, and determine the matters for which they had been summoned, and would have been kept together by a sworn officer, as in other cases, to prevent the possibility of their being affected by any external influence. The district attorney of the county, where the proceedings were had, upon receiving notice thereof, would have been bound to render his advice and professional services to the alledged fugitive, and attend on his behalf at the trial of such claim, receiving compensation therefor at the expense of the county, and in case the district attorney had been prevented from attending, the court or officer would have assigned some counsellor of the Supreme Court, of good standing, to conduct the defense. The alledged fugitive would have been entitled to subpœna, and compel the attendance of witnesses, and these subpœnas would have been served at the expense of the county; and if material witnesses on his behalf resided at a distance, even as far as Mobile, the court on his application would have granted a commission to examine them, and adjourned the hearing as long as might be necessary. With these opportunities for a fair trial, if the verdict of the jury declared the claimant to be legally entitled to his services, the fugitive would have been delivered up to him—not by virtue of the glorious common law that we boast, nor of any voluntary statute of this State, but solely because of the compulsory obligation of the Constitution, which we have recognized as binding. If, on the other hand, the verdict of the jury had been against the claim of Gantz, he would have had to pay to Saxton, in addition to all the costs of the proceeding, one hundred dollars, as a recompense for the damages he had suffered.

Such are the provisions of our statutes intended to secure to all claimed as fugitives from justice, a fair trial of the legality of the claim, which would drag them from their free homes to be made slaves and chattels—but as we have seen in this case, and as the world has seen from the dawn of creation, although laws theoretically bad may be so wisely administered that justice shall not suffer, righteous laws cannot secure justice unless the administrators of the law are righteous also. Our statutes cannot of course prevent the infringement of their provisions, but they provide a punishment; and in our opinion, Mr. Officer Stevens, if a grand jury can be found to do him justice, will soon experience, in his own person, the penalties imposed by the following section of the "ACT TO EXTEND THE RIGHT OF TRIAL BY JURY," passed May 6th, 1840:

§ 17. Every person who shall without the authority of law, forcibly remove or attempt to remove from this State any fugitive from service or labor, or any person who is claimed as such fugitive from service or labor, shall forfeit the sum of five hundred dollars to the party aggrieved, shall be deemed guilty of the crime of KIDNAPPING, and upon conviction of such offense, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison for a period not exceeding ten years."

The Brooklyn justice, who endorsed the warrant, and the officer who assisted Stevens in making the arrest, even if they were aware of the facts of the case, may not be legally responsible for the illegality of the proceedings, as the warrant came to them in due form from another court. The claimant, Gantz, whatever his responsibility to our law may be, is out of their reach: but the two Stevens, the justice and the officer, who, if not blood relations, would seem to be akin in character as well as in name, are within the reach of the law, and devoutly do we hope that they may be allowed a speedy and an impartial trial—although they allowed none to Saxton—and receive from a jury of their country ample justice.

Our position in this matter cannot be misunderstood. We are not interfering with the rights of the South: we are not denying the obligations imposed by the Constitution to deliver up fugitives from labor or service; far from it—we are vindicating the supremacy of our laws and maintaining the demands of right. To establish justice was the first object for which our Constitution was formed, and whether the victim of injustice be high or low, rich or poor—whether the perpetrator of injustice be a whig or a democrat, a justice or a constable, no matter what may have been his previous character, nor how exalted his office, his position or his influence—we are for justice—equal, exact justice to be meted out to each and all alike—ever observing the rule, which is the perfection of justice, that the higher the culprit the heavier should be his punishment.

Kidnapping is no new crime, either in this State or in this city. Many of our citizens, born and bred among us, have been snatched by the hand of violence from their families and their homes, and are now toiling for masters, who withhold from the laborer his hire. To such an extent was this infernal traffic carried within our borders, that only two years since, on the 14th of May, 1840, the legislature found it necessary to pass "AN ACT TO PREVENT FREE CITIZENS OF THIS STATE FROM BEING KIDNAPPED OR REDUCED TO SLAVERY"—which provides for the employment of agents, at the expense of the State, to travel to the South and demand the restoration of all who have been kidnapped, whenever their locality can be discovered. And it has long been known that some of the underling tip staffs of our police and justices courts were frequently employed—as Stevens appears to have been in this case, by persons from the South—to seize under color of law, and deliver into their grasp, northern citizens whom they claimed as slaves; and GOD only knows how many born in freedom are now pining away in slavery. But this we believe is the first case that has come to light, where a judge upon the bench, chosen as we may suppose from confidence in his integrity to administer justice and to establish right—to defend the oppressed and punish the oppressor, has, with utter contempt of the law which he was sworn to observe, and in defiance of the authority and will of the people of this State, trampled upon the dearest rights a man can possess—aided a subordinate in reducing a freeman to a slave and a chattel, and stained the ermine of his office with the blood of the guiltless. As for the excuse that he was ignorant of the law, it is too flimsy to deceive a child, and, were it possible to believe that such was the fact, he should be punished with scarcely less severity. *Ignorantia legis non excusat.* Ignorance of the law does not exempt from its penalties the meanest beggar that walks the streets; and in a judge, whose duty it is to know and administer the law, ignorance is of itself a crime.

While expressing our indignation against his captors and enslavers, we cannot help expressing our sympathy for their poor victim. It matters not to us that he wore a complexion which some think incompatible with freedom, nor is our sympathy destroyed by the reflection that he may possibly have been a slave by the laws of Alabama. Even if legally held as a chattel by the statutes of that State, he may have been at the same time a free born citizen of New-York. If the assertion seems paradoxical, it is readily explained by an act of Alabama relating to free negroes, approved Febuary 2d, 1839, the 6th section of which makes it *lawful for any person to seize and make a slave for life to his own use any free person of color, who should be found in the State of Alabama after the passage of the act, and who should have come there since its passage.* Verily, was there a reason for the enactment of a law by our legislature to test the question of the master's claim in the case of every alledged fugitive; for a colored citizen of New-York, going to Alabama on business of importance, or to visit a dying father, might be legally seized and reduced to slavery under the act we have quoted; and should he escape from his prison-house and regain his home, he might be snatched by the slave-catcher from the bosom of his family, and sent back to southern bondage by northern justices. Such may have been the case with Edward Saxton, if he was a slave at all, and his being kidnapped in the manner we have stated, touches us in our nearest rights. How many similar cases there may have been, we know not. One of the justices said that he had never known a case before; but officer Barkaloo told a gentleman that he had frequently known warrants for the arrest of alledged fugitive slaves, issued by the justices of the police court, and had himself assisted in arresting several negroes under such warrants, who were delivered to the claimants, and taken off; and the cool deliberation of Stevens' proceedings in this case is the more remarkable, if it was his first essay in these matters. We trust that the next grand jury will institute a careful examination of the books of the police, and discover whether such is the fact, unless indeed the officers of that immaculate court shall consider it due to their own spotless reputations to mutilate or burn the tell-tale records.

None know better than we do that slavery in the South is recognized by the constitution, and none are more ready than we to defend their rights, and insist that neither Congress nor northern legislatures can interfere with it. Our countrymen of the South demand that we should leave them alone, and we in turn demand that they should leave us alone. We claim for our laws the same respect which they demand shall be paid to theirs. We know well in what light they regard their domestic institutions; that in their opinion, to quote the language of Governor Mc Duffie, "the Institution of domestic slavery supercedes the necessity of an order of nobility and all the other appendages of an hereditary system of government;" that "instead of being a polical evil it is the corner stone of our republican edifice;" but different principles obtain here.

And we most strongly protest against any one of these southern noblemen—whatever be his hereditary rights at home—kidnapping northern freemen to recruit the retinue of his serfs and the number of his chattels. And although the northern States have submitted tamely to indignities, without number, this is an outrage that touches their honor and their safety, and we truly believe that if too often repeated, the whole South may find occasion to say as Fouché said of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, "it was worse than a crime—it was a blunder."

We doubt not that fugitive slaves will occasionally take refuge in this State, possibly in this city—strange as it may seem, they will not always be persuaded that slavery is the state for which their Maker intended them. "Sir," said Mr. James McDowall, jr. a southern man, in the Virginia legislature; "you may place the slave where you please—you may dry up to your uttermost the fountain of his feelings and the springs of his thought—you may close his mind up to every avenue of knowledge, and cloud it over with artificial night—you may yoke him to your labor as the ox, which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live—you may put him under any process which, without destroying his value as a slave, will debase and crush him as a rational being—you may do this, and the idea that he was born to be free, will survive it all. It is allied to his hope of immortality—it is the ethereal part of his nature which oppression cannot reach, it is a torch lit up in his soul by the hand of Deity, and never to be extinguished by the hand of man."

And therefore we warn slaveholders, whose slaves take refuge among us, against any infringement of our laws. Let their claims be preferred as our statutes direct, and they may be assured that justice will be done them, but let there be no tampering with our courts or judges, no bribing of our officers to become kidnappers.

Many of the southern States have already, in defiance of the constitution, enacted laws which deprive the colored citizen of the North, coming into their borders, of all his rights, thrust him into prison on the pretense that he is a fugitive slave, and when no master appears to claim him, sell him as a slave to pay his jail fees. And with every provocation to retaliate, northern legislatures have never retaliated in the least, but are ready to fulfil their implied agreement to return fugitive slaves, as soon as they are proved to be such; and we trust that the conduct of Mr. Gantz, in setting our laws at defiance, and suborning officers of justice in this manner, will meet with the severest reprobation of every honest southern gentleman; and that he will be regarded as having not only outraged the rights of the North, but insulted the honor of the South.

Some persons may, to excuse their own paltry servility, express a feigned surprise that we speak thus strongly of this matter; but those have wofully mistaken us who think that because we maintain, to their fullest extent, the rights of the South, that therefore we will be careless and unmindful of our own; and we say to them, in the words of Shelly,

"Nor dream that we will join the vulgar cry—
Nor, with our silence, sanction tyranny."

We regard the loss of liberty as no trifling matter—as a loss second only to that of life, if, indeed, it is not the same, for

"What is life?
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time, and gaze upon the sun—
'Tis to be free."

And however much we may theorize and reason upon the binding force of constitutions, and laws, and prescriptive custom, we must yet at last admit, with Carlisle, that "logic has no plummet that will sound the question of the rights and wrongs of men."

Our article has grown to a greater length than we intended, and we will not unnecessarily prolong it. The facts we have stated in relation to the arrest are taken from the testimony of witnesses examined before the grand jury, and unless the witnesses committed perjury, they are true. We have spoken strongly in relation to these facts, because we feel an honest and righteous indignation at what we regard a most villanous and unmitigated outrage upon the rights of an individual. We have published the facts, and our opinion of them, because we believed it our duty to bring them before the public and the public authorities. Our grand jury refused to find a bill, and it was possible a dozen more might do the same, and the culprits go unwhipt of justice, and retain their standing in the community! Such a thing cannot happen now; another grand jury may dismiss the bill, but a hundred grand juries cannot quench the human sympathies that will be roused in ten thousand hearts at this simple tale of one man's wrongs, or abate one jot of that indignation and contempt which we naturally feel towards such an one as the poet portrays, as

A bought bribed wretch, * *
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage.

But we do not anticipate the possibility of another grand jury refusing to find a bill, and we trust that Coleridge's axiom will never be true in this community "the more oath-taking the more lying." Curses on that spirit of party which, not content with warping the character and biassing the opinion of every one coming within its influence, must even pursue them to the judges bench, and insult Justice in her own sanctuary. We read of Themistocles that he was extremely partial in his decisions, and on being told that he would make an excellent magistrate if he had more impartiality, he answered, "the gods forbid that I should ever sit upon a tribunal where my friends would find no more favor than strangers." Now we beg those grandjurymen who on any occasion are disposed to practice the doctrine of that ancient demagogue to remember, that he had not taken the oath that they have "to present no one from envy, hatred, or malice, and to leave no one unpresented from fear, favor, affection, reward, or hope of reward," concluding with that solemn invocation "so help me God." And it is scarcely necessary to say to them in the words of the poet,

"Stand you up
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,"

or, in the words of the apostle, "stand fast in the principles of which you have been conceived: quit yourselves like men."

The facts we have given, the district attorney will find more fully stated in the minutes of the grand jury, who examined the case, if Mr. Justice St

we made this journey, were a mother and her children, who had just been purchased; the husband and father being left behind with their old owner. The children cried the whole way, and the mother was misery's picture. The champion of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, who had bought them, rode in the same train; and, every time we stopped, got down to see that they were safe. The black in Sinbad's Travels, with one eye, in the middle of his forehead which shone like a burning coal, was nature's aristocrat, compared with this white gentleman.

There are two bridges across the river: one belongs to the railroad, and the other, which is a very crazy affair, is the private property of some old lady in the neighborhood, who levies tolls upon the town's people. Crossing this bridge, on my way back, I saw a notice painted on the gate, cautioning all persons to drive slowly: under a penalty, if the offender were a white man, of five dollars: if a negro, fifteen stripes.

The same decay and gloom that overhang the way by which it is approached, hover over the town of Richmond. There are pretty villas and cheerful houses in its streets, and Nature smiles upon the country round; but jostling its handsome residences, like slavery itself going hand in hand with many lofty virtues, are deplorable tenements, fences unrepaired, walls crumbling into ruinous heaps.

Hinting gloomily at things below the surface, these, and many other tokens of the same description, force themselves upon the notice, and are remembered with depressing influence, while livelier features are forgotten.

To those who are happily unaccustomed to them, the countenances in the streets and laboring places, too, are shocking. All men who know that there are laws against instructing slaves, of which the pains and penalties greatly exceed in their amount the fines imposed on those who maim and torture them, must be prepared to find their faces very low in the scale of intellectual expression. But the darkness—not of skin, but mind—which meets the stranger's eye at every turn; the brutalizing and blotting out of all the fairer characters traced by Nature's hand; immeasurably out-do his worst belief. That travelled creation of the great satirist's brain, who, fresh from living among horses, peered from a high casement down upon his own kind with trembling horror, was scarcely more repelled and daunted by the sight, than those who look upon some of these faces for the first time must surely be.

I left the last of them behind me in the person of a wretched drudge, who, after running two and fro all day till midnight, and moping in his stealthy winks of sleep upon the stairs between whiles, was washing the dark passages at four o'clock in the morning; and went upon my way with a grateful heart, that I was not doomed to live where slavery was, and had never had my senses blunted to its wrongs and horrors in a slave-rocked cradle.

From the Philanthropist.

THE CAPTORS CAUGHT.

There has been considerable excitement recently, in the northeastern part of this State, in consequence of an attempt to carry off two men, Milton and Lewis Clark, into slavery. These men having resided in this region for some time, were found by two men stealers from the South, in the township of Madison, Lake county, and Milton was caught and taken before one Page, an associate judge of said county. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, was urged against the interference of any State officer; but the judge disdaining to be trammelled by the decision of an *inferior court*, felt and acted as though the Black laws of Ohio had placed him at an immeasurable distance above all other tribunals, a distance as great as his own inferiority in point of moral worth, was to that of his prisoners. After a kind word of advice to the slave, to return to his former diet of "coffee, bread and butter," which the fugitive denied ever receiving, he was then delivered over to those whose tender mercies are cruel. The men stealers, whose names were Postlewaite and McGowen, in their fury, drew their pistols, and made some cowardly threats of what they would do; and for which they were soon apprehended, on the charge of an assault, and taken before the magistrate. On the line, dividing the counties of Lake and Ashtabula, runs a road, and on the Lake side of which, lived the magistrate. In the meanwhile, the friends of liberty in Ashtabula county, procured a writ of habeas corpus, and met our heroes, and so they gave the road, and were found in Ashtabula county; the slaves were taken and carried one way, while the captors, foaming with rage, were taken another. Suffice it to say, the fugitives were soon at liberty. And oh, what roaring, threatening, and blustering, was heard at that time; one would have thought that all the chivalry from the "bloody ground," backed by legions from the pit, had united in one grand yell of indignation. But when their wrath began to abate, the poor inebriate, employed as their attorney, endeavored to console them, but it proved to be but a sorry consolation. The scoundrels soon left for their own dark regions, raving and threatening to sue all northern Ohio, before the United States Court at Columbus. One of these poor creatures, Postlewaite, knowing that he might find some opposition in his dirty business, got Mr. *Clay* to give him a certificate of good moral character, they being near neighbors. It seemed that the far famed "Dog star of the West," had the vanity to believe that if the man hunter came into this section, with the sanction of his name, that all Clay clubs would engage heart and soul in the laudable business of slave hunting. Yes, a candidate for the presidential chair, lends his name to aid a miserable wretch in man-stealing.

FRANKLIN.

From the Liberia Herald, July 30, 1842.

STATE OF THINGS IN LIBERIA.

Can any one assign the true reasons why there is no trade at present? If it can, and will be done, we shall be thereby laid under a great obligation. The fact cannot, and should not, be longer concealed, that the trade just about here is worth just nothing at all; and since our tiny commercial marine has been forced to "lie up," by stress of weather, there is a complete cessation (not merely stagnation) of trade. There is emphatically nothing doing. No improvements are going on. There is no agriculture, no manufactures, and, of course, there can be no internal trade. These are facts, though startling, and facts that most forcibly strike the attention of every one who would take a prudent thought for "to-morrow." Our internal resources are abundant, but neither the trees, nor the rocks, nor the earth, nor the water, will yield their riches without labor—and labor without mechanism is futile, and mechanism without money cannot be had, and money, let it be no longer disguised, our people have not.

These are sickening facts. We depend entirely on the natives' palm oil and camwood for existence. If this should be cut off, where shall we be then? So precarious a state affords no hope for the future, and seems to point out the propriety of standing with loins girt, sandals on, and staff in hand. What we want, and what is indispensible to a longer existence of the colony, is assistance to develop our internal resources. We will not say it must come in a direct manner, but as it has ever been afforded to all new countries. We have been long amused with promises; but how have they been fulfilled? We are beginning to lose hope. A cargo of goods from the society, or the landing of an expedition, may give temporary activity; but what is it at best? The immigrants will be only an addition of poverty to the melancholy mass of pauperism, a portion of the goods be expended on a scale of the most rigid parsimony, and the proceeds of the remainder be "shipped home by the first opportunity." If these facts do not strike abroad, they must strike here; and they will ere long strike a stroke that will make us reel to the earth.

From the New-York Courier and Enquirer.

MEXICO.

However just may be many of the unfavorable opinions entertained of the present ruler of Mexico, it cannot be denied that he is endowed with an ability to call forth the little energy of his countrymen, and such resources as his country possesses, in an extraordinary manner. Santa Anna has scarcely again seized the reins of government and already two large expeditions are on foot for the recovery of detached portions of Mexican territory, with a naval force to transport and protect them. The motives which actuate him in these measures, it would be difficult to determine. Essentially necessary to the prosperity of Mexico, neither Texas nor Yucatan can be. Her territory is so immense, that this abstraction from it, in a national point of view, would be perfectly insignificant. Repose, the encouragement of internal industry, and the improvement of her dilapidated finances, would seem to be her natural policy. In departing from it, is Santa Anna actuated by the conviction, that in consenting to the dismemberment of any part of Mexico proper, he would be opening the way to further concessions of a similar character? That the pressure of the northern blood must be resisted in the onset, at all hazards, or that it will, step by step, proceed onwards, till it reaches the capitol of the Montezumas? If such be his convictions, we cannot at any rate blame him, little as we may desire to see him successful in acting up to them.

It is said, that England and France have offered their mediation between Mexico and Texas, and that the United States have taken a like step. If a pacific mediation on our part alone is contemplated, it cannot be objectionable; but a frigate has been dispatched, there is little doubt, to support the purpose of intervention. Now, we should very strongly object to this country assuming a threatening attitude between the two parties, because we do not believe that we should, under any circumstances, proceed to extremities; and we have no inclination to see the present imbecile executive, in his eager desire to give eclat to his administration, assume in behalf of the Union, an attitude in which he would not be supported by its representatives.

Besides, we do not believe our intervention is at all required. Unexpected as this development of strength on the part of Santa Anna may have been, there is little reason to fear that it will accomplish the ends he has in view. Yucatan is his first point of attack, and if he fail there, he will not assail Texas on her most vulnerable part, her sea border. The people of the former province have thrown off the despotism of the central government, which, far removed from them, neither consulted nor knew their interests. They achieved their independence by compelling the garrisons of Mexican troops to capitulate to them, and appear well inclined, and able to support it. Merida, the capital, contains a large and intelligent population, and Campeachy is a strong position, likely to hold out against any force which Mexico can bring and maintain around it. An hostile attitude on the part of the United States would therefore be as unnecessary as impolitic.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

THE PHILADELPHIA FAIR.

Is it remembered by the friends of the slave, in the city, and country? But little more time remains for the completion of our preparations for it, time enough, however, with diligence and zeal, to accomplish the work. Let none postpone to a later moment, what may as advantageously be done now; and none hesitate to send small contributions, because other avocations or demands, prevent their being as large, or as valuable, as those of their neighbors. *All* will be gratefully received by the committee, and if given for the sake of the suffering slave, will not be a fruitless dedication.

We desire our country friends to remember that their gardens, poultry yards and dairies, may all be made profitable contributors, and that there is no danger of our market being over stocked.

The committee have been greatly encouraged by intelligence, received from various quarters, of valuable co-operation, and are confidently expecting an unusual amount of aid from the country. We would suggest to those who are engaged in preparing articles, that they should come with their gift, and assist in superintending their sale at the Fair in such way as may be most agreeable to themselves. The committee would be grateful for this additional aid, and the presence of our friends from abroad, on that occasion, will be heart cheering to those who have usually occupied alone this department of labor.

Let us be up and doing, neglecting no righteous instrumentality for advancing our cause, assured that though a noble end does not "sanctify" improper means, it dignifies such as are truly appropriate.

From the Rochester Evening Post.

ABBY KELLEY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I went to the Washington-street church on Monday evening, and heard Miss Abby Kelley deliver an anti-slavery address.

The First of August is memorabe for being the day on which the British government emancipated 800,000 slaves in the West India Islands. This noble philanthropic act was done on the First of August, 1838. It is, therefore, regarded by "out-spoken" abolitionists, as an anniversary of equal importance with the Fourth of July. Ay, more, I think! She commenced by addressing the throne of grace—after which, she read with much power and earnestness, a part of the 58th chapter of Isaiah, which she made the text or foundation of her remarks.

She advocated the cause of the oppressed, with great earnestness and ability. She expressed her surprise, that the people of Rochester did not know that there was a first of August! She, also, alluded to the dumbness of the pulpit, and the great scepticism which prevailed among the clergy with regard to the effect which this act of emancipation would have upon the slave—that they were waiting for intelligence. She was persuaded by the truths of revelation—(Moses and the prophets,) that it was always safe to leave off sinning, and thought that such as did not, would not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

She spoke very severely of John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay.

She also stated, that an agency from the Island of Trinidad came to Henry Clay, who owns 60 slaves, an offered a dollar a day for his slaves, and to pay their transportation, to labor on the island, but the President of the American Colonization Society did not see fit to comply with this offer—no! he did not see fit to colonize his slaves.

Communications.

LETTER FROM OHIO.

OAKLAND, Nov. 10th, 1842.

Two weeks have passed since our great convention here; great in point of numbers, and, as we hope, in its consequences. Even now we begin to perceive in some degree what these are likely to be. A decided change is perceptible, not only in very many individuals purely indifferent to anti-slavery, or opposed, but also in public sentiment in general. Political parties, and religious sects are the principal barriers which impede the progress of anti-slavery principles; were it not for these, they would soon gain complete control of the public mind. The latter are more in the way than the former; and pre-eminently conspicuous for influence adverse to the cause of immediate emancipation is *the Society of Friends*. They are the most numerous sect in this vicinity; and I believe they are now exerting a *pro-slavery* influence in Ohio, greater than all other influences put together. They denied us the use of their house for our meetings, and next endeavored to prevent persons from attending at the building prepared for the occasion. The political prints are widely copying the advice of the late Yearly meeting at Richmond, to its members, to avoid co-operating with us against slavery; accompanied with a distinct threat of disunion, for such as may venture to make conscience their guide in this matter. And at a late Quarterly meeting, held at Centre, Ohio, all the preaching, as I have been informed by several members who attended, was against abolition, or joining with abolitionists; and when, towards the close, a young member who loves the cause of the bondman nearly as well as he does his sect, made a few remarks, the meeting was strongly urged to "keep in the quiet," &c. The weighty members, however, begin to find their old-fashioned system of tolerance and liberality will not answer in these trying times; so the old *papist* doctrine, of the infallibility of the pope, has been resuscitated, and applied to use by the Society of Friends; or rather by some of their public teachers. Thomas Arnett, (I think it best to give names,) a preacher of some note among them, at this meeting at Centre, proclaimed it to be the duty of individuals to submit their *own* opinions to the dictation of "*the body.*" He said if he felt himself to be in the *right*, and the body of Friends were *opposed* to him, he should feel it his duty to *acquiesce* in their decision! This I have from the most undoubted authority, or I would not venture to publish it; so unlikely to obtain credence does it appear to me to be. We have only to substitute the words "*the body,*" for "*the Pope,*" and you perceive we have the horrible doctrine of ecclesiastical infallibility taught in our midst, in the middle of the 19th century! But enough of them: They appear to be running *from* instead of *towards* the Christian's goal; and verily they will have their reward. Except their opposition, to which their numbers and influence gives some importance, as a local obstruction to the march of our principles, we have, more than ever, an abundance of encouragement. If arrangements can be entered into with the American Society to assist us with some of her agents in a series of conventions throughout the State, similar to the one recently held here, we shall see Ohio rising like a young giant, bursting the shackles with which slavery has sought to bind her, and right speedily arraying her vast influence on the side of freedom.

A case of kidnapping has recently occurred, near New Richmond, Clermont county, Ohio, sufficiently aggravated to startle the most pro-slavery men from their apathy. Nineteen years since, a Mrs. Wigglesby and Miss More brought to Ohio a number of colored persons, and set them free. These ladies died a number of years ago, and several of the colored persons have continued to reside near New Richmond ever since their arrival. On Sunday night, the 30th of October, one of these colored families, consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, (the latter *all born in Ohio*, and the youngest but eight days old,) were assailed in their house, which was broken into, and the wife and children borne off to Kentucky. The husband burst the bonds, with which he had been tied, and escaped to alarm the neighbors; but it was too late to save his family from being carried into slavery. Another of these free persons, a single woman, was sought for, but was absent from the house where she resides, staying with a white family; therefore, she was not seized. She is now with us; our house being considered a place of greater security than a neighborhood in free Ohio, where she has resided and been known as a free woman for nineteen years; highly esteemed for her correct deportment; and a member of the Methodist church. So was her sister who has been pirated away. It is said the kidnappers declared that those who emancipated them had legally only a *life estate* in them; and being dead, they now have a lawful claim to them; children and all, it seems. The citizens held a public meeting, the succeeding Friday, and took measures to have them pursued and reclaimed; but I fear the proceedings were so tardy that the victims will not be found short of the far South, and that great difficulties will be interposed in the way of their rescue. Abolitionists have need to sleep with their armor on, and to be ever prepared for *instant* conflict; so treacherous is their foe, so crafty, and so powerful withal, that delays are ever dangerous. This affair has produced the best effects on the pro-slavery portion of the community where the innocent sufferers were known and much respected.

A. BROOKE.

LETTER FROM BUCKS COUNTY, Pa.

BUCKINGHAM, 11th mo. 12th, 1842.

By a note received early this morning, I was informed that a colored man, at work on his place, had been subpœnaed as a witness in a case said to be pending in our county court, now in session. My informant stated, that the man had not returned to his family; and that there was reason to believe he had been lodged in Doylestown jail, as a fugitive slave. I immediately repaired to our county town, and, upon making inquiry of the jailor, was shown the warrant placed in his hands by the constable of Doylestown, the man employed in the business. He is the same notorious person, who, a few months since, assisted our sheriff in a similar enterprise. In the present instance, however, less of the spirit of chivalry was required; for the colored man was *deceived* by the *pretense* of being called upon as a *witness*. The warrant in question was drawn in the usual manner, returnable to one of our judges (a mere form,) and requiring action according to the United States laws. The affidavit was made by a person from Maryland, of the name of James F. Woodland, and the name under which the fugitive was apprehended was Isaac Black. From the information obtained, it appeared that constable Hubbard had merely lodged him in jail for a few hours, for safe-keeping; and that he was taken away by *somebody*, before 9 o'clock last night. The constable had just returned from Philadelphia, while I was at Doylestown to-day; and probably the poor slave is now paying the penalty for his audacity, in attempting to seek liberty! His poor wife, when the situation of her husband became known, gave vent to an expression of the most agonized feelings. They had been living very comfortably, being both of them industrious and economical.

I suppose there are many persons, who, when acquainted with the above particulars, will feel about as much concern as they would on being told that this slave-catcher has succeeded in returning to his premises a stray horse or cow! But, I would ask, can this be the state of one intelligent, reflective mind? far less, of one who has ever known what it is to sympathize with the afflicted? A little consideration must convince every one of the dreadful situation to which the colored population of our free States are now exposed. There is not a man, woman, or child among them, who is not every moment as liable as the poor man to whom I here allude, to be borne into interminable bondage. All that is requisite to carry on the work in a wholesale way, is, First, some slaveholder or their agents, of such a degraded character as to fit them for man-stealing, off their own premises; Second, a constable Hubbard, to act the part of the bloodhound, in scenting out the fugitives; and, Third, an attorney and justice of the peace, (*when these characters are united, all the better,*) to lend their legal assistance and professional services towards accomplishing the base work. Experience has shown that two of the ingredients of the above compound are to be found in our county town; though there is reason to believe that our community can produce very few sufficiently vile to engage in this diabolical business! It is thought there are not more than three attornies at Doylestown, who could be retained for such work; one of these has been engaged in each of these cases of slave-catching, that has occurred within the last six or seven years. It is admitted by all, that, according to a late decision of the Supreme Court, all our State officers of justice lend their aid in such causes *without any obligation* to do so, except that which the reception of a fee imposes; and it should be generally known what lawyers reside in Bucks county, who are willing to lend their professional labors in aid of the kidnapper. This fact, I am instructed to say, shall be communicated to the public, if another instance of their interference can be clearly identified. Men that will prostitute an honorable profession by the basest conduct, ought to aspire to nothing higher than a monopoly of the slaveholder's fees.

Whether the unfortunate Isaac Black "owed service" to the claimant, I do not know. Such a fact as this can be of little consequence to nine-tenths of those engaged in the pursuit of fugitive slaves. The mere fact that every colored person is liable to the same kind treatment, in these free States, is one that should electrify every mind. It should arouse the insensible to the significance of the query, "What has the North to do with slavery?"

W. H. J.

P. S. Since writing the above, information has been received, showing that the said constable's plan of operation was more extensive than was supposed. After his first prey had been secured, he called on a colored man, living with a neighbor of mine, and stated that the one of whom I have spoken had been apprehended for stealing; and he wanted *him* to proceed forthwith to Doylestown, as a *witness*, to prove the innocence of the one there confined. The bait was very near being taken; for, being a friend of the supposed culprit, his interest in the case was immediately excited. He agreed to make some change in his clothing, and then accompany the constable. While this was going on, his employer *suspected a plot*, and having communicated his suspicions to another colored man in his employ, he enjoined it upon them that they should *go by themselves* to ascertain the fate of the man in prison, but not expose themselves to danger. Accordingly, they armed themselves, and went to the house of a colored man living near Doylestown. Here they were soon found by the constable. The man, on being solicited to go with him, peremptorily refused. The constable attempted to arrest him, but was set at defiance by a loaded gun. The colored men, however, left the place immediately, and returned home. Under existing circumstances, it was thought best for him to remain there but a short time. I am happy to state that he is now far beyond the reach of his pursuers. Such is a specimen of the conduct of one of our officials, at the very seat of justice of Bucks county! and yet the perpetrator is treated not only with forbearance, but with courtesy! I candidly believe that he would assist in carrying off any colored person, if he could be paid for the deed, and could accomplish it without imminent danger. However, as his cowardice is notorious, and as he is likely soon to become pretty well known in our county, there is reason to believe that his occupation is nearly done.

Before closing, it may be right to state, that the editor of the Bucks County Intelligencer suffered his horses to be used in carrying the fugitive to Philadelphia. Was he as well paid for the use of his team, as others had been for their services? W. H. J.

FREE LABOR PRODUCE.

It must appear evident to every reflecting mind, that abolitionists are grossly inconsistent with regard to one very important branch of the anti-slavery enterprise. A very large portion of the friends of universal emancipation, while they imagine that they are doing all in their power to hasten the day when "liberty shall be proclaimed throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," are effectually strengthening the hands of the oppressor, by consuming, voluntarily, the products of unrequited toil. Editors of anti-slavery papers are continually rebuking abolitionists for their inconsistency in sustaining pro-slavery sects and parties; but seldom do those editors allude to the inconsistency of abolitionists in partaking of luxuries that are sweetened by the toil of the injured slave. Anti-slavery lecturers portray, in the most affecting manner, the evils necessarily resulting from the system of slavery; but seldom do they insinuate that their auditors, by decorating themselves with all the superfluities which the caprices of fashion may dictate, are giving their most effectual support to that system which produces such evil results. A vast majority of the abolitionists consider it a cause of the most extreme regret, that any of their number should be found base enough to sacrifice principle at the shrine of party; yet but little is said of those who, not being willing to make a pecuniary sacrifice for the purpose of obtaining the products of free labor, do the cause far more injury, by their inconsistency and covetousness, than all the inconsistent voters that have ever been connected with our anti-slavery associations.

In addition to the necessaries of life, which abolitionists purchase, regardless of the fraudulent manner in which they were obtained, a great many indulge in the use of that filthy and most noxious of all poisons—TOBACCO. Out of ten prominent abolitionists in a certain district of Eastern Pennsylvania, seven are in the habitual use of tobacco. I have known some of these abolitionists to converse with pro-slavery men for the purpose of convincing them that slavery, under all circumstances, is wrong; and after much breath had been expended in the discussion, they would conclude the argument by requesting their adversaries to give them some tobacco. In my opinion, such abolitionists do not produce the beneficial results which they *might* produce, were they truly consistent. This consideration should, of itself, be a sufficient inducement for them to abstain from the spoils of iniquity.

I would earnestly request all persons, to whom the above remarks apply, to consider well the responsibility they have assumed in professing to be imbued with genuine anti-slavery principles. I feel confident, that after they have given this subject the attention which its importance demands, they will not fail to adopt a wiser course. Meanwhile, I do fervently hope, that anti-slavery lecturers and editors will pay more attention, in future, to this hitherto much-neglected department of our anti-slavery labors. In my humble estimation, it will do much towards hastening the day of the slave's redemption. A.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXIV.

The tender mercies of a Slaveholder.

About the year 1808, a man who had escaped from bondage in one of the southern States, was arrested in Philadelphia as a slave, and committed to prison. He had been in confinement but a very little while, when his master called at the prison with authority to convey him to the place whence he had escaped. When informed that his master had called for him, he appeared greatly distressed. He told the keeper that his master was very severe, and he knew that dreadful suffering awaited him, if he should be taken back to bondage. After some hesitation, he accompanied the keeper to the iron gate, through which he was to pass out of prison; he saw his brutal oppressor standing before it, ready to fetter and take him away. Here he halted, and pleaded, in the most earnest, but humble manner, that he would suffer him to procure a purchaser in Philadelphia, who would pay a reasonable price for him. His master was inexorable, and paid no attention to his pathetic appeals. In a stern tone, and with angry gestures, he ordered him to come out. The slave replied, "Master, I can't go with you." His tyrant exclaimed, "You shall! Come out, immediately!" The poor fellow advanced timidly towards the door, but in an instant stepped back, as though frightened. His agony was so great, that he appeared to have almost lost his reason. The master became irritated, and in an impatient, peremptory manner, again ordered his trembling victim to come forward, and called upon the keeper to *bring* him out. All this time, the keeper stood with his hand upon the key of the iron gate. At last, he unlocked and opened it, and reluctantly told the poor terrified creature that he *must* come out, and go with his owner. For a moment, the slave looked his master in the face—then, in a frenzied manner, he flew to the gate, and as suddenly flew back—seized a sharp knife, which he had concealed about his person, drew it with great force across his throat, and fell lifeless, within a yard or two of his master's feet. The blood flowed freely, and all who witnessed the awful tragedy, concluded that the man must die. Dr. Church was then physician of the prison. Few surpassed him in benevolence, or professional skill. He happened to be at the prison at the time, and his attention was immediately called to this distressing case.

The man was conveyed to a room provided for the sick, and his wound dressed. The windpipe was cut through, though not entirely separated; but little prospect was entertained of his recovery. Soon after the doctor left the prison, the master demanded his victim, but the keeper declined delivering him, until the physician could be consulted. He was sent for, and at once assured the vindictive tyrant that it would be impossible to get the slave outside of those walls alive; that it would be even unsafe to move him at all. The southerner declared that he was *his property*, and he was determined to take him, dead or alive. If he died, it was nobody's loss but *his*.

The keeper felt himself in an embarrassing situation. He was afraid that if he refused to obey the mayor's order to discharge him, he might incur heavy damages; and on the contrary, if he delivered him up, he was certain he would die; and he would thus become accessory to his death. Under these circumstances, he resolved to convene the inspectors, and consult with them. This was done; and the keeper was pleased to find they concurred with him in opinion. They, however, deemed it prudent to lay the matter before the mayor, and accordingly appointed a deputation to wait upon him. Not being a legal character, he sent for the recorder. Upon consulting together, they united in opinion that the slave should not be surrendered to the claimant, until the physician declared he could be removed without endangering his life. Instructions were given accordingly. In the meantime, the master had gone to the prison, and was waiting for the keeper's return. When informed of the result of the application to the mayor, he became perfectly furious. He vociferated that the slave was *his* property, and the officer had no right to interfere with it. After venting his rage, and threatening to prosecute the keeper, he left the premises.

The day the man wounded himself, Dr. Church informed me of the circumstance, and gave me to understand that he had very faint hopes of his recovery. But contrary to his expectation, he lingered several days. I began to think it possible he might yet recover; and I requested the doctor to inform me the moment he considered him out of danger. About a week after the event, he came and told me he now thought he would get well; and that he had given this information to Joseph Price, who was one of the inspectors. The master, however, was kept in ignorance of this fact; and Luke Williams and Joseph Price undertook to negotiate for his purchase. Thinking there was but little chance for his recovery, the southerner sold him for a moderate price; but when he discovered that the slave was made a free man, and was likely to live, he was greatly enraged. The man recovered, and lived many years to enjoy liberty, for the sake of which he had been willing to encounter death; and his exemplary conduct proved that he was worthy of the boon on which he had set so high a value. Patrick Henry's exclamation, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" is applauded to the echo, by thousands who never think how often the terrible alternative is forced upon our poor suffering brethren in bondage.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1842.

HYDROPATHY, OR WATER-CURE.

"Throw physic to the dogs."—*Shakspeare.*

A new theory and practise of the medical art has been disclosed in recent German, French, and English treatises, under the above name. *Pure water* is the *sole* medicinal substance employed. *Vincent Priessnitz*, a peasant of Grœfenberg, in Austrian Silesia, is the inventor of the system. It has this, in addition to its intrinsic novelty, that of all the numerous treatises, which have been written describing it, and proclaiming its wonderful success, not one has come from the inventor. They are all the spontaneous offerings of gratitude for the cures he has wrought, and of good-will towards mankind. The blessings which it holds out to every individual of the human race is indeed beyond all price. It offers a certain cure, (generally speedy, and often instantaneous,) with trifling expense, and it may be with no expense at all, of all the diseases which have hitherto been supposed incurable; including cancer and consumption: the former, (if it be not *internal,*) in *all* stages; the latter, in all, except the last. In a word, it appears that when this system shall come to be universally understood, and applied, there will be no more death by disease, but life will generally flicker out in good old age, without a struggle, and without pain.

The following is the account which Priessnitz gives of the discovery, and gradual development of his principle:

"In the year 1816, I crushed my finger; and, as it were by instinct, plunged this injured member into water, till it ceased bleeding. I felt the coolness agreeable to my burning and benumbed finger, and found, that by holding it repeatedly in water, the finger, without the least inflammation or suppuration, after secreting only a little white mucous matter, healed in a short time. I became convinced thereby of the healing power of cold spring water.

"In the year 1819, I met the misfortune to break the ribs on my left side. The physician called from the nearest town, declared the injury incurable; that in every fracture of the ribs, there would be formed lumps, which, on the least exertion, would cause me pain, and this for all my lifetime. He prescribed for me some herbs, a decoction of which in wine I was to lay upon the parts. These fomentations gave me the greatest pain, so that I could not endure it any longer, and tore off the warm fomentations. Recollecting my cured finger, I now used *swathings of cold water*, by which the raging pains were assuaged, and I fell into sleep, for the first time since the accident. By repeated swathings with linen sheets dipped in cold water, in a few days, without having had any wound-fever, I was restored so far that I could walk, and finally effected a total removal of the evil; so that, after about a year, I felt not any pain whatsoever; could undertake any bodily exercise with facility, and no evil consequences remained. I found many later occasions for healing with cold water at home, among my own folks, such as crushings, dislocations, bruises, &c. Several of my neighbors, having been informed of my cures, consulted me in similar cases, successfully; and thus I acquired, in the vicinity, a kind of fame. The concourse of sick persons, and the happy cures, which I effected in this simple way, determined me, by degrees, to try the treatment with cold water to an increasing extent. I thought it at first the best to bathe *the suffering parts* in cold water; yet I frequently observed that by means of inflammations arising, as well as by various eruptions that threw themselves upon these parts, the patient suffered the greatest pains, and I meditated upon the means to lead off the inflammation. To this I was soon led by the experiment of cold bathing *other parts* of the body, and exempting from it the injured part, yet applying to this *cold fomentations*. In this way, I found out the use of *seat-baths, foot baths, head* and *eye baths*.

"I was frequently visited by sick people, who had suffered for a long time from cold shivering, or a continual chill in the feet and hands. I knew no better means to recommend to them than perspiration in bed. This they tried, but asserted that they lost their chill only during the perspiration, and that afterwards they had it stronger than before. I advised them, after *sweating gently, to wash their whole body with a sponge*, and saw the best effect coming from this expedient. The activity of the skin was increased by passing over it the wet sponge; the patient felt strengthened, and the warmth restrained in the beginning by the succeeding healthy circulation, was spread over the whole body. This circumstance taught me that a real cold bath after perspiration could do no harm; and thus I introduced the beneficial *sweating before the bath*. The patients, however, grew often very weak during perspiration, and as a relief, I tried the opening of windows, in order to strengthen the body *by the inhalation of pure air*; and the salutary effect of this was confirmed in all cases; so that I have never seen yet, notwithstanding its frequent application, any bad accident arising from it. The burning heat and oppression of the patients induced me to let them *drink some tumblers of cold water*, and I made the observation that the drinking of cold water brought the patients only into a more copious sweat, and that accordingly it gives by no means a cold, but rather by a quickening power strengthens and beneficially warms the patient. Later observations, on occasion of washing and bathing the body, confirmed my supposition, as the evaporation was distinctly visible, and in mere washings, a tangible burning of the skin could be perceived. The circulation of the blood accordingly became more animated; not merely heated for the moment, as by warm baths, producing subsequent obstructions, and when grown cold, relaxing the nerves, and leaving a torpidly circulating blood. The application of sweating in different cases appeared, besides, most salutary for those patients in whom I could suppose a corruption of the humors and concealed impurities. The desired eruption was thereby accelerated, and the tormenting pains of the patient were assuaged.

"Often, however, I met with persons whose cutaneous activity could be excited by no means whatsoever; and in whom the physicians had for years been trying fruitlessly to produce it, and to bring the body into perspiration; whilst the whole disease was founded in the deficient functions of the skin. Here I made the above mentioned cold fomentations upon the suffering parts my chief object of attention; and the conviction was pressed upon me, that by them was effected a greater perspiration than on the other parts of the body not acted upon by such fomentations. *I therefore wrapped the patient closely in a linen sheet, dipped into water, and well wrung out.* How great was my astonishment and joy at the success! For many years, the patient had been deprived of a regular and refreshing sleep, and now this came in a quarter of an hour, and lasted exceedingly long; perspiration commenced, and at last the patient was bathed in sweat! From this time, the patient always enjoyed good sleep, and the activity of his skin was developed without any forced means. I had thereby found a sure means of awakening the suppressed activity of the skin. By degrees, as stated above, I learned the different applications of cold water upon the body, and found out the great difference between seat baths, head baths, foot baths, and eye baths, of the douche or pump baths, of rubbing the skin in water and out of it, of entire baths, of mere washings, of cold baths of short continuance, and those of an hour's duration, of injections, rinsing with cold water, &c.; and of how great importance it is whether the one or the other of these modes be employed, as by their incorrect use, the most contrary results have shown themselves."

When the celebrity of Priessnitz had increased so that he had fifteen hundred patients in one year in his own house, the regular physicians thought it was time to put a stop to this "mischief." The sponge which he used in his washings was dissected, in order to find therein something by which these miracles were wrought! A physician accused him of quackery, in pretending to have cured a miller of the gout, whom the physician asserted that he himself had cured. All the parties were summoned before court, and the miller was asked which had relieved him, Priessnitz or the physician. "Both," said he; "Dr. N—— of my money, and Priessnitz of my gout."

After various intrigues, and after the production of complete proof that only water was employed in these cures, the Austrian government licensed the establishment of an hospital for water cures. It has prospered beyond example.

From 1829 to 1839, the annual number of Priessnitz's patients increased from 49 to 2,663! On the list of the latter year appear the names of 23 princes and princesses, 1 duke and duchess, 149 counts and countesses, 88 barons and baronesses, 14 generals, 53 staff officers, 196 captains and subaltern officers, 104 civil officers, 65 priests, 46 artists, 87 physicians and apothecaries. Nor is this all; these "pools of Bethesda" have been multiplied all over Germany, Prussia, and Hungary, and have now reached England; where (as I learn from Mr. Samuel Whitmarsh, who first brought to Northampton information and books upon this subject) two establishments of the kind had been commenced. I am also informed that Dr. Wesselhorft, much known in Massachusetts as a homœopathic physician, is preparing an hospital for the water cure at Mendon, in the county of Worcester.

As subsidiary to the water cure, diet is prescribed; but not half so severe as in ordinary medical practise. The water gives a prodigious stimulus to appetite and to digestion. Except for short periods of the most important treatment, Priessnitz allows his patients an abundance and variety of nutritious food; and as a general thing, permits them to take just as much as they choose, and to find out for themselves when they have taken too much; shrewdly observing, that "water will find its level." The vast solvent power of twelve to twenty tumblers of water per day, several of them taken before breakfast, and the cleanness and energy thereby imparted to the stomach, render the disencumbering it of an inordinate quantity of food, a comparatively easy process. In fact, excessive eating, though not unattended with injury, appears to be, in this system, remarkably without danger. It has struck me repeatedly in reading upon it, that it is the system of all others for an *epicure*. Priessnitz, as a check to gormandizing, recommends to take much water *before* and during meals, so as not to leave room in the stomach for too much solids. This is an excellent practical rule—as excellent as it is new.

It remains now to give a more particular account of some of the various cures effected.

The Berlin "Health Gazette" declares that the most inveterate *dyspeptics* will be restored by the cure of Grœfenberg. Dr. Munde, one of the writers upon the system, says: "I have fallen in with many patients who for many years (one Englishman for twenty-five years) had no stool without artificial means, and obtained regular ones within a fortnight. To this, diet no doubt contributed a great deal; and to every sufferer of this kind, I earnestly recommend the manner of living used in Grœfenberg; viz: to partake in the morning and evening only of cold eatables, and at noon always to have them in some degree cooled; to avoid carefully warm beverages of every kind, as well as soups, spices, and similar things, and to accustom himself to regular habits of life, if he is desirous that cold water should perform its wonders."

"A Prussian officer arrived in Grœfenberg, entirely worn down and lean with a five weeks' *diarrhea*, and was in a few days perfectly cured. The cases of diarrhea which occurred there during my stay, were mostly of a critical nature, and soon ceased." Dysentary is treated with the same success.

"Priessnitz has treated twenty-three persons sick with cholera, giving them all speedy relief, so that, after three days, every one of them was recovered.

"A young theologian in Grœfenberg, after some attacks of cholera, was taken with *lockjaw*. Priessnitz, unacquainted with the treatment of this malady, sent for a physician, who applied blisters of mustard to several parts of his body, which remained without impression upon the skin. The patient's state became every moment worse; breathing stopped almost entirely; his jaws were so firmly locked, that nothing at all could be introduced. The physician declared him lost, and offered all his property as a bet against that of Priessnitz, who yet expressed some hope. Priessnitz nobly replied, 'I bet not upon human life.' He renewed, however, his attempts, the physician being unable to advise anything more. He had the patient rubbed for two hours in the seat bath with cold water, put to bed for as long a time, rubbed him there too with cold water, and continued so by turns through the whole night, until the sick man began breathing a little; then he allowed him some longer repose. The following day, the patient opened his eyes, and was able to stand upright for a few moments in the cold tub, yet were his perceptions still so absent, that he recognized nobody. During his stay in the tub, he was held upright, douched (*i. e.* pumped upon) by means of a small fire engine, and carried back to bed, where, after some hours, he recovered his consciousness. After three days, he was able to walk, and on the fourth night, he was considered as recovered, just as his mother, whom the doctor had found means to inform of his decease, arrived to take care of his relics.

"I have seen in Grœfenberg and other places, furious *headaches*, which had lasted a whole day, cured by a single foot-bath in one hour." Drinking cold water at the same time is recommended.

The cure in *tic douloureux, gout*, and *rheumatism*, is proportionally quick and complete. A lady had suffered for a long time with dreadful arthritic pains in the joints of the feet. She was deprived of the use of her limbs. The very first foot-bath, taken till above the ankles, restored

of half an hour was applied, and the patient was again swathed every ten minutes until his skin regained its activity and he began gently to perspire. The sweat being washed off, a new sheet was applied, and this was continued in succession until the patient, towards eight o'clock in the evening, had fully recovered his consciousness and found himself easy. Now he remained lying in his sheet, and slept quietly during the night. Towards morning the sheets were renewed, he sweat again, and was washed with tempered water. At eight o'clock he breakfasted on some milk and wheat bread; took for his dinner a little broth and bread, and felt pretty well through the remainder of the day." Swathings, sweatings, and bathings were repeated a few times, and "on the fifth day from the beginning of the disease, Mr. H. could be considered as recovered; partook of everything on the table, and left the institution in a few days."

A woman, having a *cancer* on the breast, was told by the physicians that the only relief, and that a doubtful one, was to remove it by the knife. An operation was determined on. The instruments were spread upon the table, and at the sight of them the patient fainted. Whereupon, the surgeons put up their instruments and retired, intending to renew the attempt another day. Meantime the patient heard of Priessnitz, and immediately sought him. In three months she left in perfect health.

I have derived the greater part of the foregoing information from a small volume translated and compiled from German writers, eye-witnesses, by *Francis Grafer*, and published by William Radde, New-York, under the title of "Hydriatics, or Manuel of the Water-Cure." This excellent little book, besides the body of information touching the method and the institute of Priessnitz, gives an interesting sketch of the literature of ablutions and water-cures, from Moses and Homer down to the present day; a great number of modern cases, occurring before Priessnitz systematized the subject, or, contemporaneously with him, are collected. From these I select the following: At St. Petersburg, on the 1st of July, a young man was brought to the hospital with a nervous fever. Although all means were employed, and the most expensive medicines not spared, still he grew worse, and by the 15th, the typhus fever had reached the highest degree of malignity. "On the 14th he lay already without any consciousness, speechless, in a slumber. His lips and his tongue were covered with a black-brown coat, and he voided without consciousness. The color of his eyes was greyish yellow, his eyes dim and dirty. The most energetic stimulants remained without effect. His state was hopeless. At eight o'clock in the morning, I made," says Dr. Mylius, "the first attempt of immersing him in cold water, in the presence of all the medical officers. The result was most striking and surpassing; for, the moment he was immersed, it was as if new life was commencing in him. He shrank shuddering, opened his eyes and exclaimed, '*O how beautiful!*' At the second immersion he began moving himself by his own strength; erected himself, drew water with his hands, and washed himself. After having been immersed the third time, he was carried to his bed and covered. The cornea in his eye, previously grey and untransparent, had become moist, the burning heat of his skin was gone, his pulse beat more slowly. A beneficial sleep soon succeeded. Towards evening he was somewhat delirious, and constantly begged for a repetition of the bath. Early on the 16th, the immersion was applied anew; his state of health was evidently good; his delirious words had ceased; his tongue was soft and cleaner. He desired to eat something." "On the 21st he was dismissed in good health."

"An hostler at Mirthau, near Presburg, attacked with typhus, escaped from his sick bed and threw himself into a well. He remained there for some hours, until he was tracked by means of dogs. He was relieved from fever, and soon recovered entirely."

Dr. Bettenson writes: "One of my servants was plagued for three months with a *strong cough*, that could not be assuaged by any means. Himself, as well as his comrades believed it would bring on death. Once, when he was passing, in winter, a narrow bridge, he fell into the ice-covered water below, which reached up to his mouth. He was, however, happily got out; arrived at home he put on a warm shirt, ate some warm soup, slept well during the night, and felt, on the following morning, that his cough had almost disappeared. In a few days he was wholly free from it."

A young man was very much tormented and emaciated the *asthma*. A young physician advised him to drink nothing but water, to wash every morning and evening his whole body with cold water, and eat no other food but gruel of oats, without salt or sugar. He continued this for three months, and recovered completely.

To these interesting cases, which are but few selected from many, I add the following, which have occurred within my own neighborhood.

Mr. C. was severely afflicted with a chronic rheumatism. On a winter day he wrapped himself up very warm, and joined a fishing party upon the ice. He had the good fortune to break through, and was immersed to his mouth in water for a considerable time. He was finally taken out, as he supposed, and as his comrades supposed, to be soon taken to his grave. But so far from that, he found himself entirely cured of rheumatism, which has not returned to this day. The occurrence took place in 1837.

Reference is several times made in the "Manual of the Water-Cure," to *William Wright*, of Edinburgh, the inventor of *cold affusion* in fever. This gentleman first tried the remedy upon himself, in September, 1779, with complete success. A contagious and malignant fever, with which he was attacked at sea, was suppressed in a few minutes by pouring upon him three buckets full of cold salt water. This was on the fifth day of the disease. In two days his health was perfectly restored. Dr. Wright continued this practice, applying it with success to yellow fever, small-pox, lockjaw, and recommending it to others, up to his death, which took place in 1819. Dr. Wright practised many years in the West Indies, and there made his discovery. He communicated it in 1779 to the London Medical Society. As an illustration of the illiberality of the medical profession on matters connected with their peculiar science, I quote a passage from an interesting memoir of Dr. Wright, written by *David Turnbull, Esq.* late British Consul, and now Protector of Liberated Africans at Havana:

"It was on the records of the Medical Society, that the evidence was preserved of Dr. Wright's undoubted priority in the use of cold water in fever. But although the narrative was read at three different meetings of the society, and although it was communicated, in consequence of a request that it should appear in the sixth volume of the Medical Reports; yet such is the force of prejudice, in the highest walks of a profession which claims, *par excellence*, the palm of liberality, that the interesting paper, and the important facts which it recorded, were silently suppressed; so that it was not given to the world until Dr. Wright's second return from the West Indies in 1786."

In 1798, Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, published a work on the use of water as a remedy in fever and other diseases. He opened his subject with the narrative of the cure which Dr. Wright had performed on his own person. In 1779, Dr. Currie wrote to Dr. Wright as follows:

"It is a miserable thing to think that while all the common modes of treatment have proved so miserably inefficient, the physicians of America should have been engaged in such fierce and stupid controversies, which have diverted their attention from the awful lessons which experience was presenting to them in the continued mortality of the fever. Though I sent my book to the editors of the American Medical Museum, published at New-York, they never found time to review it, or even to notice it; being entirely occupied with theoretical disquisitions in support of Mitchell's gratuitous theory respecting the principle of contagion, being the gaseous oxide of azote! an hypothesis created by the imagination, but made the foundation of a system of practice, consisting of the administration of alkalies and alkaline earths, to correct, forsooth, the prevailing acidity."

It is a curious fact, that Dr. Wright took the first hint of his cold water cure in fever, from the *maroon negroes* of Jamaica, who, in cases of that sort, *covered the patient with wet clay*. Dr. W. traced the practice through the maroons to the African tribes on the coast of Guinea.

I am not disposed to underrate the value of ordinary medical aid, but it is an undeniable fact that all mankind have a strong distrust of it. In China, they pay their physician a salary, which is suspended from the time the payer becomes sick, and remains so till he recovers. I have known scores of persons who refused to call a physician, because they feared that if they did so, they would be subjected to a long confinement and to *many virits*. The water cure, by restoring patients whom physicians had abandoned, and limbs which they had ordered to be amputated, and by expurgating foul, and deleterious stuffs, which physicians had administered, and left in the system, is doing much to discredit *allopathic* practice. It seems probable that hydropathy, as soon as it shall be generally understood and applied, will supersede physicians, as completely as water, in another form, is superseding stage-horses.—D. L. C.

THE LATIMER CASE.

It is as we expected it would be; the moral power of Massachusetts proved too strong for the slaveholder and his allies. *Real* indignation meetings, in all the towns round, multiplied daily. The North Star and Latimer Journal, under the management of William F. Channing, (a most worthy son of the lamented Dr. Channing,) aided by several of the best spirits in Boston, sent out its clear note all over the commonwealth, like a trumpet-call. The State was almost prepared to empty itself into Boston, on the day of the trial, so intense was the excitement. From Lynn alone, eight hundred people had made arrangements to be present. Captain Sturgis, when he was requested by some of Gray's counsel to convoy the slave ship containing George Latimer, out of Boston harbor, with the *United States* revenue cutter, refused to touch the unclean thing, or prostitute the flag of the nation. The atmosphere was growing too hot for the man hunter. Moreover, he found that certain inconvenient legal proceedings were pending over him, the sheriff, and jailor; and beginning to think his expensive efforts would all prove useless, he at last consented to take $400 for the freedom of George Latimer. Not a cent of this free Massachusetts money goes into the hands of the slaveholder; it will pay only a part of the expenses incurred by the arrest and imprisonment of the slave. Gray has already expended nearly $700; a cheap let-off for the disgrace he has inflicted on a city of free New England. All of the actors concerned in this bad business, are heartily ashamed of it. The cheriff confesses he has done wrong, and promises that no fugitive slave shall ever again cross the threshold of the jail, while it is under his control. The jailor likewise says he will never again be concerned in such a transaction. Austin, also, the counsel for Gray, declared that this should be his last slave case; and they all agree, that not an officer in Boston could be persuaded, by any means, to engage in such a case! Austin furnished Latimer with free papers, and surrendered the power of attorney for the arrest of his afflicted wife; and after four weeks of anxiety and despondency, they met and embraced each other in the full enjoyment of liberty!

In consequence of this general repentance, the friends of Latimer forbear to prosecute for false imprisonment, as they intended. The rescued *man* is twenty-two years of age, good-looking, and often mistaken for a white man. Like his namesake at the stake, in 1555, he has "lighted such a candle, by God's grace, in [New] England, as I trust shall never be put out." Diligent and persevering efforts are now being made to get up a Grand Petition to the Legislature, requesting it to pass penal enactments, to operate upon every one who helps a slave trader that comes upon our shores; also, to prevent, in future, the use of Massachusetts jails for runaway slaves.

Good luck to you, pride of the "Old Thirteen!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

I have prepared a brief form of petition for the abolition of this cruel and demoralizing practice; and I beseech those to whom I send it, to take the matter up earnestly—as if the fate of a brother, or a sister, were at stake. Mr. O'Sullivan, late member of the legislature, continues to exert himself for this object, with a most praiseworthy energy. Let me beseech you, friends of humanity, to come to his aid with petitions; not sent by sects, or meetings, but by citizens, in long columns. We are verily guilty for our apathy during the last session of the legislature. I shudder to think how far this neglect has rendered us accomplices in the late tragedy. Let us atone by redoubled earnestness. Take the following petition, and *make it your business* to get the signatures of as many citizens as possible; and send them to Isaac T. Hopper:

To the Senate and House of Assembly of the State of New-York, this Petition is respectfully addressed:

We, the undersigned, citizens of ————, believe that punishment by death has no tendency whatever to diminish crime, but invariably tends to increase the evils it was intended to check; that the excitement attendant upon executions greatly hardens the hearts of the people, and prepares them for deeds of violence and blood; that the whole system is at variance with the merciful spirit of the Gospel, and is a remnant of barbarism, unworthy of a civilized age and a Christian nation. Therefore, we most respectfully and earnestly pray that it may be speedily and entirely abolished.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

The Yearly meeting of Friends, lately held at Baltimore, is said to have been more numerously attended than it has been for years, and the speaking is described as unusually earnest and interesting. Several of the papers of that city bestow lavish encomiums on Lucretia Mott's eloquence, which they say drew crowds of people of various sects. We are happy to hear that she used the occasion to bear a testimony against War and Slavery.

A private letter from Baltimore says: "Lucretia Mott has been among us; and her visit will long be remembered. On the subject of slavery, she did what she exhorted her audience to do; viz: 'Cry aloud and spare not.' She told them it was a duty to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, regardless of consequences. She told them that being well fed and well clothed, could not compensate a man for the deprivation of inalienable rights; that the only way to avert the impending curse of Heaven was to cease from oppression. Her testimony was faithful and fearless. I knew not which most to admire, her moral heroism in proclaiming such unpopular truth, or the profound attention with which a crowded house, composed of various denominations, and many of the first men in the city, listened to her soul-thrilling appeals. Now and then there was something of a sensation, and once a suppressed muttering; but this soon subsided into breathless attention. Aside from the prepossessing appearance of the speaker, and her winning eloquence, the text itself was enough to tranquilize the troubled waters: 'Be still, and know that I am God.'"

The last we heard, this gentle missionary of humanity was travelling in Virginia, preaching to crowded and attentive meetings, taking many opportunities to converse with slaveholding families, and commanding respect, alike by the faithfulness of her testimony, and the kindness of her rebukes. The blessing of God be with her! even to distant St. Mary's, if the spirit leads.

JUDGE TANEY.

The communication from T. E. of Philadelphia, did not come in season to be inserted until the Vermont elections were over; and would of course be out of place after that event. We quote from it the following sentence:

"I noticed in J. Q. Adams's Braintree Address, what I believe to be a misrepresentation. It is, that Roger B. Taney, the Chief Justice is a slaveholder. I have often understood, from what I believe good authority, that Mr. Taney long since emancipated his slaves."

THE UTICA CONVENTION.

We are requested to announce that this convention will commence on Tuesday the 29th of November, instead of the 30th, as we stated last week. It will be held in the Congregational church, Bleeker street, and probably continue in session three days; beginning at 10 o'clock, A. M. Provision has been made, as far as practicable, for the accomodation of those from abroad; and a committee will be in attendance at the church, to receive them, and assign them their residences.

STATE SOCIETY AT UTICA.

To be formed on the 1st December.

We hope our friends will not neglect this important move—important to the efficiency of anti-slavery operations in this State, and to the interests of the cause in general.

WM. L. GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLAS, ABBY KELLEY, *and other well-known friends of humanity will be present.*

☞ LET THERE BE A FULL RALLY. ☜

SOUTHERN AGGRESSION ON NORTHERN RIGHTS.

Look at the speeches in Faneuil Hall, and see how slavery is riding rough-shod over Massachusetts; look at the article headed Abuse of Law, for an exciting case of a man arrested and carried off from Brooklyn, N. Y. without trial by jury; look at the letter from Bucks County another specimen of the same game; look at the letter from Ohio, for another daring outrage. Four cases in one paper! "What has the North to do with slavery?" When the Constitution of the United States is thrown as a shield over such enormities, what wonder is it that Wendell Phillips anathematizes it, in strains of indignant eloquence.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 42.

To-day, I cannot write of beauty; for I am sad and troubled. Heart, head, and conscience, are all in battle-array against the savage customs of my time. By and bye, the law of love, like oil upon the waters, will calm my surging sympathies, and make the current flow more calmly, though none the less deep or strong. But to-day, do not ask me to love governor, sheriff or constable, or any man who defends capital punishment. I ought to do it; for genuine love enfolds even murderers with its blessing. By to-morrow, I think I can remember them without bitterness; but to-day, I cannot love them; on my soul, I cannot.

We were to have had an execution yesterday; but the wretched prisoner avoided it by suicide. The gallows had been erected for several hours, and with a cool refinement of cruelty, was hoisted before the window of the condemned; the hangman was all ready to cut the cord; marshals paced back and forth, smoking and whistling; spectators were waiting impatiently to see whether he would "die game." Printed circulars had been handed abroad to summon the number of witnesses required by law: "You are respectfully invited to witness the execution of John C. Colt." This bloody insult was thrust into the hands of *some* citizens, who carried hearts under their vests, and they threw it in tattered fragments to the dogs and swine, as more fitting witnesses than human beings. It was cheering to those who have faith in human progress, to see how large a number viewed the subject in this light. But the same spirit that led the wretched victim to murder Adams was rife among the dense crowd, which thronged the place of execution. They were swelling with revenge, and eager for blood. One man came all the way from New Hampshire, on purpose to witness the entertainment; thereby showing himself a likely subject for the gallows, whoever he may be. *Women* deemed themselves not treated with becoming gallantry, because tickets of admittance were denied *them*; and I think it showed injudicious partiality; for many of them can be taught murder by as short a lesson as any man, and sustain it by arguments from scripture, as ably as any theologian. However, *they* were not admitted to this edifying exhibition in the great school of public morals; and had only the slim comfort of standing outside, in a keen November wind, to catch the first toll of the bell, which would announce that a human brother had been sent struggling into eternity, by the hand of violence. But while the multitude stood with open watches, and strained ears to catch the sound, and the marshals smoked and whistled, and the hangman walked up and down, waiting for his prey, lo! word was brought that the criminal was found dead in his bed! He had asked one half hour alone to prepare his mind for departure; and at the end of that brief interval, he was found with a dagger thrust in his heart up to the hilt, and turned round, to make immediate death more certain. The tidings were received without doors, with fierce mutterings of disappointed rage.—Those assembled as performers and spectators growled like a hungry bull-dog when a bloody bone is plucked from him. The throng beyond the walls were furious to see him with their own eyes, to be sure that he was dead. But when the welcome news met *my* ear, a tremendous load was taken from my heart. I had no chance to analyze right and wrong; for over all thought and feeling flowed impulsive joy, that this "Christian" community were cheated of a hanging. Those who had assembled to commit legalized murder, in cold blood, with strange confusion of ideas, were unmindful of their own guilt, while they talked of his suicide as a crime as bad as that for which he was condemned. I am willing to leave it between him and his God. For myself, I would rather have the burden of it on my own soul, than take the guilt of those who would have executed a fellow-creature. *He* was driven to a fearful extremity of agony and desperation; *they* made cool, deliberate preparations to take life, and with inventive cruelty sought to add every bitter drop that *could* be added to the dreadful cup of vengeance. Knowing him to be a proud man, they imported from Jersey the gallows and rope on which Robinson was hung for the murder of Suydam. They had a gallows of their own, in the prison yard; but as the memory of Robinson was execrated more than other criminals, they sent for *his* gallows, to add to the degradation. I will not enter into an examination of the comparative merits of the two cases; though I shall always believe that the murder committed by John C. Colt, awful as it was, was not premeditated, but done under the sudden excitement of violent rage. The question is not as to the degree of his sin, but the nature of that spirit, which led to the importation of Robinson's gallows to give an additional pang to a dying fellow mortal. If it came not straight from the infernal pit, then Satan never tempted the soul of man.

I trust some of those printed invitations are preserved for museums. Specimens should be kept, as relics of a barbarous age, for succeeding generations to wonder at. They might be hung up in a frame; and the portrait of a New Zealand Chief, picking the bones of an enemy of his tribe, would be an appropriate pendant.

At the same moment that I was informed of the death of the prisoner, I heard that the prison was on fire. It was soon extinguished, but the remarkable coincidence, added not a little to the convulsive excitement of the hour. I went with a friend to look at the beautiful spectacle; for it was exceedingly beautiful. The fire had kindled at the very top of the cupola, the wind was high, and the flames rushed upward, as if the angry spirits below had escaped on fiery wings. Heaven forgive me for the feelings that, for a few moments, mingled with my admiration of that beautiful conflagration! Society had kindled all around me a bad excitement, and one of the infernal sparks fell into my own heart. If this was the effect produced on me, who am by nature tender-hearted, by principle opposed to all retaliation, and by social position secluded from contact with evil, what must it have been on the minds of rowdies and desperadoes? The effect of executions on *all* brought within their influence is evil, and nothing but evil. For a fortnight past, this whole city has been kept in a state of corroding excitement, either of hope or fear. The hardihood and stern defiance of the prisoner left little in his peculiar case to appeal to the sympathies of society; yet the instincts of our common nature rose up against the sanguinary spirit manifested toward him. The public were, moreover, divided in opinion with regard to the legal construction of his crime; and in the keen discussion of *legal* distinctions, *moral* distinctions became wofully confused. Each day, hope and fear alternated; the natural effect of all this, was to have the whole thing regarded as a game, in which the criminal might, or might not, become the winner; and every experiment of this kind shakes public respect for the laws, from centre to circumference. Worse than all this, was the horrible amount of diabolical passion excited. The hearts of men were filled with murder; they gloated over the thoughts of vengeance, and were rabid to witness a fellow-creature's agony. They complained loudly that he was not to be hung high enough for the crowd to *see* him. "What a pity!" exclaimed a woman, who stood near me, gazing at the burning tower; "they will have to give him two hours more to live." As we walked homeward, we encountered a deputy sheriff; not the most promising material, certainly, for lessons on humanity; but to him we spoke of the crowd of savage faces, and the tones of hatred, as obvious proofs of the bad influence of capital punishment. "I know that," said he; "but I don't see how we could dispense with it. Now suppose we had fifty murderers shut up in prison for life, instead of hangiag 'em; and suppose there should come a revolution; what an awful thing it would be to have fifty murderers inside the prison, to be let loose upon the community!" "There is another side to that proposition," we answered; "for every criminal you execute, you make a hundred murderers *outside* the prison, each as dangerous as would be the one inside." He said perhaps it was so; and went his way.

As for the punishment and the terror of such doings, they fall most keenly on the best hearts in the community. Thousands of men, as well as women, had broken and startled sleep for several nights preceding that dreadful day. Executions always excite a universal shudder among the innocent, the humane, and the wise-hearted. It is the voice of God, crying aloud within us against the wickedness of this savage custom. Else why is it that the instinct is so universal?

The last conversation I had with the late William Ladd made a strong impression on my mind. While he was a sea-captain, he occasionally visited Spain, and once witnessed an execution there. He said that no man, however low and despicable, would consent to perform the office of hangman; and whoever should dare to suggest such a thing to a decent man, would be likely to have his brains blown out. This feeling was so strong, and so universal, that the only way they could procure an executioner, was to offer a condemned criminal his own life, if he would consent to perform the vile and hateful office on another. Sometimes executions were postponed for months and months, because there was no condemned criminal to perform the office of hangman. A fee was allotted by law to the wretch who did perform it, but no one would run the risk of touching his polluted hand by giving it to him; therefore, the priest threw the purse as far as possible; the odious being ran to pick it up, and hastened to escape from the shuddering execrations of all who had known him as a hangman. Even the poor animal, that carried the criminal and his coffin in a cart to the foot of the gallows, was an object of universal loathing. He was cropped and marked, that he might be known as the "Hangman's Donkey," No man, however great his needs, would use this beast, either for service or labor; and the peasants were so averse to having him pollute their fields with his footsteps, that when he was seen approaching, the boys hastened to open the gates, and drive him off with hisses, sticks, and stones. Thus does the human heart cry out aloud against this wicked practice!

It is said that Mr. Hart, the sheriff, manifested the greatest repugnance to the painful and disgraceful task assigned him by law. Though he hired a subordinate to perform the legal murder, and was merely obliged to superintend ceremonies, he could ill conceal his relief when news came that the preparations were useless. He is said to have treated the prisoner with all the humanity the nature of his office permitted. They would have chained his hands as well as his feet; but to this Mr. Hart objected, as unnecessary cruelty: a manifestation of kind-heartedness for which he was vociferously blamed by those who were enraged at the suicide, because it deprived them of a feast of vengeance.

A tacit acknowledgment of the demoralizing influence of executions is generally made, in the fact that they are forbidden to be public, as formerly. The scene is now in a prison yard, instead of open fields, and no spectators are admitted but officers of the law, and those especially invited. Yet a favorite argument in favor of capital punishment has been the terror that the spectacle inspires in the breast of evil doers. I trust the two or three hundred, singled out from the mass of New-York population by particular invitation, especially the judges and civil officers, will feel the full weight of the compliment. During the French Revolution, public executions seemed too slow, and Fouquier proposed to put the guillotine under cover, where batches of a hundred might be despatched with few spectators. "Wilt thou *demoralize the guillotine?*" asked Callot, reproachfully.

That bloody guillotine was an instrument of *law*, as well as our gallows; and what, in the name of all that is villanous, has *not* been established by law? The slave trade was once honorable business, in the eyes of that large proportion of mankind who have merely legal consciences. Nations, clans, and classes, engaged in fierce struggles of selfishness and hatred, made laws to strengthen each other's power, and revenge each other's aggressions. By slow degrees, always timidly and reluctanly, society emerges out of the barbarisms with which it thus became entangled. It is but a short time ago that men were hung in this country for stealing. The last human brother who suffered under this law, in Massachusetts, was so wretchedly poor, that when he hung on the gallows his rags fluttered in the wind. What think you was the comparative guilt, in the eye of God, between him and those who hung him? Yet, it was *according to law*; and men cried out as vociferously then as they now do, that it was not *safe* to have the law changed. Judge McKean, governor of Pennsylvania, was strongly opposed to the abolition of death for stealing, and the disuse of the pillory and whipping-post. He was a very humane man, but had the common fear of changing old customs. "It will not do to abolish these salutary restraints," said the old gentleman, to Isaac T. Hopper; "it will break up the foundations of society." Those relics of barbarism were banished long ago; but the foundations of society are in nowise injured thereby.

The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws. The *real* danger is in having laws on the statute-book at variance with universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The *evasion*, even of a bad law, is attended with many mischievous results; its *abolition* is always safe.

But many say, "the Old Testament requires blood for blood." So it requires that a woman should be put to death for adultery; and men for doing work on the Sabbath; and children for cursing their parents; and "If an ox were to push with his horn, in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death." The commands given to the Jews, in the old dispensation, do not form the basis of any legal code in Christendom. They *could* not form the basis of any civilized code. If *one* command is binding on our consciences, *all* are binding; for they all rest on the same authority. Those who feel bound to advocate capital punishment for murder, on account of the law given to Moses, ought, for the same reason, to insist that children should be executed for striking or cursing their parents. If our "eyes were lifted up," we should see, not Moses and Elias, but *Jesus only*.

The tone of some of the papers with regard to the infant son of John C. Colt, seems totally unworthy of a Christian age, and a republican country. They talk of "his inheritance of infamy." Because the father has left us an awful record of the danger and the guilt of ungoverned passions, is the innocent babe to blame? In countries which still cling to a hereditary rank, such remarks would be in better keeping. The idea they express is a vestige of old, aristocratic times, when men, having divided the honors and possessions of the world, by physical force, had a keen desire to hand down to their posterity, with all their rank and wealth, all the hatred and revenge they cherished toward their enemies. It is a sentiment every way unworthy of the 19th century. Such a child has *peculiar* claims on human sympathy; he should be guarded with a more earnest love, for the sake of his misfortune.

I mean no extenuation of the awful crime of John C. Colt, when I say, that through the whole course of this terrible tragedy, he has shown the self-same qualities which men admire under the name of military greatness. The stern silence with which he shut up in his own breast his secrets and his plans; his cool self-possession, under circumstances that would have crazed a common brain; his bold defiance of the law, which he regarded as a powerful enemy; the strong pride which bore him up under a long imprisonment, and prompted him to suicide; all these indicate such elements of character as military heroes are made of; and both with regard to him and them, they would be *really* great, if applied to good purposes; when applied to the perpetration of crime, they only render it more appalling.

But the sternest human heart has somewhere in its corners, a nest for love. When the wretched victim of his own violent passions thought of the girl with whom he had lived as his wife, and of the infant son she had borne him, his proud heart melted to womanly softness. He spoke of her with strong affection, and whenever mention was made of the babe born since his imprisonment, he wept the bitterest tears. Carlyle, in his French Revolution, speaking of one of the three bloodiest judges of the Reign of Terror, says: "Marat too, had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling clothes, and slept safe in a cradle, like the rest of us." We are too apt to forget these gentle considerations when talking of public criminals.

The deep shadow that rests on the memory of this unfortunate man, is lightened by one bright gleam. He wished to make all the atonement he could for the wrong he had done Caroline Henshaw. They were married a few hours before his death, in that gloomy cell, with the grim spectre of the gallows before them. Ah, what a bridal was that! How fearfully must have echoed the words, "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder!" They took their last farewell, with an intensity of anguish and despair, heart-rending to witness. His last words were an entreaty that she would love his child, and rear him virtuously. May God help her to keep the promise she made under circumstances of such awful solemnity!

The prisoner maintained to the last that he did not *intend* to kill Adams; and said he was willing to carry this assertion to the bar of God, whether man ever believed it or not. He wrote a long letter to his son, which he left with his poor heart-broken wife, with instructions that it should not be opened till the boy was old enough to understand it.

Another ray gilds this mournful tragedy. The brothers of John C. Colt, all of them respectable men, in the genteel walks of life, never forsook their disgraced and suffering brother; but sustained him throughout by their presence and sympathy; and made almost superhuman efforts to save him from his untimely end. A few hours before his death, one of them gave him $500, as a present for his wife and child. Let us be thankful for these gleams through the darkness. Are we not all children of the same father? And shall we not pity those who, among pit-falls, lose their way home?—L. M. C.

Anti-Slavery Items.

Too Much Honor.—Park Benjamin, editor of the New World, lately copied Dr. Channing's Address at Lenox, probably because the last words of a great man would bring the sixpences; but to keep his southern customers, he at the same time inserted an editorial intended to nullify any effect that Dr. Channing might have; attributing his abhorence of slavery to mere amiable weakness, and want of knowledge on the subject The dirty sop did not pacify Cerberus The agent of the New World, in Charleston, S. C. is bound over in the sum of $1000, for disturbing the "peculiar institution," by circulating Dr. Channing's Address on Emancipation in the British West Indies.

East India Cotton Company.—A large and rich association has been formed in London, under the above title. The capital is one million sterling, in twenty thousand shares, of fifty pounds each. The principal object of this company is to supply the British market with cotton of Indian growth, of equal quality, but at a cheaper rate, than that now brought from America. The cotton plant is indigenous to India, the soil is favorable, subsistence and labor are lower than in any other part of the world. The East India Company has sent to various parts of India able and experienced persons, natives of the United States, who have been brought up cotton planters, to give a new impetus to the growth, picking, and cleaning of the Indian cotton. This was done with a view merely to stimulate enterprise, as the East India Company are prohibited from trading of any kind. An estimate has been made of the average cost in England of a candy of cotton, of 840 lbs. cultivated in soil of medium quality, in the cotton districts of British India—gathered, cleaned, packed, and imported under the superintendence of the East India Cotton Company, by which it appears that the net cost in London will be £11 14 3 sterling, which is equal to 3 3-8*d.* per pound, or a trifle over *seven cents* a pound. The average London quotations for fair quality of Upland Georgia cotton, for ten years, (1832 to 1841,) is 8 1-8*d.* or about *sixteen cents*. This great scheme meets with the cordial approbation of the chambers of commerce in the manufacturing towns in England, and is patronized by the leading men in that country.—*A. S. Reporter.*

Prosperity of Jamaica.—The Kingston Morning Journal says: "We have been favored with a view of the statements of exports from this island during the present year, and have been delighted at perceiving the increase which has taken place over those of 1841. The statement is incomplete, not including the exports from Port Maria, Lucea, and Savanna-la-Mar. Notwithstanding these omissions, it appears that 13,321 hogsheads of sugar, 3,850 puncheons of rum, and 1,233 tierces of coffee have been shipped in 1842, over and above the shipments of the previous year. Our British as well as Jamaica readers will be gratified at the increased production of our staples which this statement shows, and will join us in the anxious hope that they will continue to increase in the like ratio every year, until our island has reached that pitch beyond which increased production becomes an evil:

	Hds. Sugar.	Phs. Rum.	Trs. Coffee.
1841,	22,691	8,298	7,570
1842,	36,012	12,148	8,803
Excess,	13,321	3,850	1,233

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 11th mo. (November) 22d.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2:—Alonzo Gray, Sauquait; Susan Eastman, do.; Mary E. Storms, Utica; Dr. J. Call, do.; Edgar Hicks, Brooklyn, L. I.; William Hadwin, Nantucket; P. Rawson, Rome; Richard M. Husier, Nantucket; James M. Chace, East Limington, Me.; Willian Lynn, Port Carbon; John P. Plank, Potters Hollow; Ephraim Shildon, Chester Factory; Francis B. Flint & Co. Rutland; Dr. William Newton, Worcester; Elizabeth Hamilton, Barre; Mary C. McFarland, do.; Frederic Kilmer, do.; Silas Harwood, do.; Ambrose Sewell, China, Me.; Heman Gurney, Fairham, Mass.; Thomas Milliken, Narraganus, Me.; James Rogers, Pekin; Dr. W. H. Brisbane, Harrison county, Ohio; Lucy C. Ide, Seekonk, Mass.; Samuel F. Lyman, Northampton, Mass.; C. P. Huntington, do.; Leavitt H. Yeaton, South Berwick, Me.

Isaac Noble, Rushford, $1; David Wood, Hancock, N. H. $1; J. M. & N. Foss, Limington Corner, Me. $1; Stephen Treadwell, Potters Hollow, $1; Edmund Kelso, Becket Berkshire, $1; E. A. Hubbard, Worthington, $1; Erastus Fay, Chester Factory, $1; Samuel Henry, do. $1; Charles S. Smith, Rutland $1; Harriet Brown, do. $1; Lyman R. Forbes, do. $1; Walker & Haywood, Barre, $1; Asahel Pomeroy, Pekin, $1; Hiram P. Fuller, West Carlton, $1, George Benson, Northamptom, Mass. $1.

Donations.—Paulina Wright, Utica, $1; A friend, do. $4 84; do. Pulaski, 25 cts.; do. Cazanovia, 50 cts.; Mrs. Woodward, do. 60 cts. Sarah M. Van Eps, Vernon, $2; Charles Jose, Buxton, Me. 50 cts.; William Mead, Rutland, $1; Nathan Elden, do. 25 cts.; Samuel Fessenden, Portland, Me. $10; Mrs. P. W. Morrell, do. $1; Dr. C. Smart, Kennebunk, $5; H. H. Chadburn, do $1; William Mead, Rutland, Worcester county, $1; James Adams, do. $1; H. Brown, 25 cts.; Mr. Cox, Barre, 25 cts.; W. F. Ainsworth, do. 50 cts.; Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, $25.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

The Chartists.—Great excitement was kindled lately among the authorities of Stafford County, England, on account of a well-laid plan of eseape by the rioters in jail.

It is said that Henry Ellis, who is under sentence of transportation for the burning of the Rev. Dr. Vale's house, was the leader of the conspiracy, and on him was found the plan of action adopted by him and his fellow prisoners. They were to have seized the wardsman as soon as they were allowed to go into the day-room. Having seized him, they would secure him in some safe place, and take from him a key which led to an adjoining room, in which were sixty stand of arms. They were to possess themselves of those arms, and thus prepared for any opposition that might present itself, they intended to make prisoners of the persons in charge of the jail, and liberate all the chartists who were at present in custody. They would then fight their own way from the town, if they could not escape from detection.

One of the prisoners turned informer, and prevented the execution of the plot.

Grace Darling.—This celebrated heroine of shipwrecks died at Bramburgh, of slow consumption, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Her remarkable efforts to save the shipwrecked are supposed to have laid the foundation of her disease.

Allan Cunningham—This distinguished artist and poet, the friend of Walter Scott and Sir Francis Chantney—is no more. He died in the latter end of October, having completed, but two days ere his departure, his "Life of Sir David Wilkie."

Colonel Webb.—This duelist has again been indicted for leaving the State with intent to give or receive a challenge; and this time without flaw in the indictment. He pleaded guilty, and awaits his sentence in the Tombs. Very energetic efforts are being made to obtain a pardon from Governor Seward, on the ground that the law had so long been suffered to remain obsolete, and had been violated with impunity by so many others.

Col. Webb, who deliberately agreed to play a game of murder with Thomas F. Marshall, cried out as vociferously as others, against a pardon, or commutation of sentence, for J. C. Colt. There is a strange jumble of moral distinctions in this world.

Murder.—A most cruel murder was lately perpetrated at Old Field, about four miles from Huntington, Long Island. The victims were Alexander Smith and his wife Rebecca, both advanced in years. Their heads were found dashed to pieces, evidently with a stone-hammer. The perpetrator of this horrible act is unknown, but suspicions are entertained against a German about twenty-three years of age, who had been a few days in the employ of Mr. Smith. The wretched man has since been found hidden in a barn, with the boots of the murdered man upon his feet.

NOTICES.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Vermont Anti-Slavery Society will hold their next, being their eighth anniversary, at Williston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th days of January, 1843.

An introductory discourse by C. C. Burleigh will be given on the preceding evening.

A general attendance of delegates, from the numerous auxiliaries, and others friendly to the cause of abolition is earnestly solicited. It is expected the important subjects involving in some respects the mode of future action of the friends of the slave, which appear naturally at this period of the anti-slavery operations to demand discussion, will ensure a very general attendance.

J. A. ALLEN, *Sec. of the Ex. Com.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

The announcement of the annual Fair, held by the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, has perhaps come to be regarded by you as a thing of course; and the Fair as an occurrence which will take place as certainly without your agency as with it. Our object in addressing you is to inform you that the success of this enterprise depends very much on yourselves, and to solicit your effort in its behalf. Although its management is in the hands of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, yet as its proceeds are devoted to the general interests of the cause, in its prosperity you are all concerned, and we confidently appeal to you for aid in its preparation. Time, skill, industry, money, are all requisite; and of these you are entreated to give according to your abundance. All can contribute something, and if every abolitionist would but give what may be conveniently spared, the pecuniary and other good results of our next Fair might be tenfold greater than those of any preceding one. But lest *all* should not be sufficiently zealous, let some working abolitionists make large demands on their convenience, and some sacrifice of time and money, if need be, comparing their toil with that of the slave, for whose sake they willingly endure it. In these "hard times" let not our first retrenchments be in our charities.

The community is so familiar with the details of Fairs, that it can scarcely be necessary to mention the various kinds of articles desired. Almost everything which finds a ready sale in other markets, and which is the product of requited labor, may be usef

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

He died among the mountains, where gush forth
The living streams to fertilize the earth,
As did his own most gentle eloquence;
Where breathes the western wind, like his own spirit pure;
Where falls in copious showers the genial rain,
Upon the heath-clad hills and virgin sod,
Untainted by the stain of slavery's sin,
As were the vestments of his own high soul;
Where man acknowledges his fellow-man
A freeborn brother, his equal and his friend,
"Though guilty of a skin not colored like his own;"
Where warred as hopelessly the slaves of gold,
Upon his steadfast mind and single heart,
As wars the elements upon the granite rock,
Or Ocean's waves around her barrier coast;
"Where blend in loveliness, on Nature's face,
The lovely and the wild;" and man, amid
The garniture of woods, the flow of babbling brooks,
And hoary mountain pinnacles of flint,
More easily doth hold communion with his Maker;
Where Nature, with her thousand varied tones,
The murmuring voice of rustling leaves,
The low of oxen, and the song of birds,
Amid the smiles of competence and peace,
Doth hold the willing soul entranced in love.

He died upon the Sabbath; when the sun
Was sinking gently down, in full-orb'd splendor,
To its golden rest beneath the pearly clouds,
His spirit rose triumphant to its God.
As go the reapers from the harvest-field,
Their tasks accomplished, and their labor o'er,
So he, when he had done the work assigned
Him by his Heavenly Father here to do,
With cheerful heart, went unreluctant home. J. P.

NANTUCKET, October 28, 1842.

From the Boston Miscellany.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"There is no God," the foolish saith—
But none, "there is no sorrow:"
And Nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised.
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
That ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest shooteth from the steep
The shadow of its coming:
The beasts and birds anear us creep,
As power were in the human!
Power! while above, the mountains shake,
We spirits tremble under!
The *hills* have echoes—but *we* make
No answer to the thunder.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

Perhaps the war is in the plains;
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest honor!
Draw out confronted line to line,
The natures all inherit;
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay; and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

Perhaps the plague is in the town—
And never a bell is tolling;
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the death-cart's rolling.
The strong man calleth for the cup,
The young maid brings it weeping;
The wife from her sick babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed.
Our tears drop on the lips that said,
Last night, "Be stronger-hearted!"
Clasp, clasp the friendly fingers close—
We stand here all as lonely,
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the *daylight only*.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces;
They ask us, was it thus and thus,
When we were in their places?
We cannot speak: we see anew
The hills we used to live in—
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy.
The corpse is calm below our knee,
Its spirit bright before thee:
Between them, worse than either, we—
Without the rest or glory;
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions,
And live alone, to live again,
To endless generations.
Are we so brave? the sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors,
And glassed therein our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams beholding,
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spires to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
And now it is the kirk-yard grass
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful—
Be pitiful, O God.

But soon all vision waxeth dull:
Men whisper, "He is dying!"
We cry no more, "Be pitiful"—
We have no strength for crying.
No strength, no need! Oh, eyes of mine,
Look up, and triumph rather.
So in the depth of God's divine.
The Son adjures the Father,
BE PITIFUL—
BE PITIFUL, O GOD.

GETTING HIGH.

[The following is from a cold-water song, written, as we believe, by Mr. Pierpont. It is good; the wit as well as the moral.]

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky
To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
And thus the oak "gets high,"
By having water in its cups:
Then why not you and I?

Miscellany.

From the Democratic Review.

HARRY BLAKE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER III.

When Harry Blake was first imprisoned, he bore stoutly up against his fate. But stone walls, and close, pent-up chambers, with their stifling, stagnant air, and their murky twilight, are glorious inventions for mildewing the heart, and breaking down strength and hope; and they soon began to tell upon him. It might have been the loss of his accustomed exercise in the open air, or the want of the sight of the blue sky, and of his old home, or a dread of the fate which might become his, or,—and there were many who believed this,—it might have been the workings of his own evil conscience, that were making such wild work with him. But certain it is, that although when he was first confined he seemed right glad as the day approached, in which he would have the chance of meeting the charges against him in open court; yet, as the time drew near, his spirits drooped; and it was observed, that the more often he conversed with his lawyer, the more gloomy he became; and that the very mention of the trial drove the blood from his cheek. It was observed, too, that after these interviews, he walked moodily up and down the room, with his arms folded, and muttering to himself, as those do who have heavy burdens on their hearts; and that his face was pale and wasted, and his look troubled. At other times, he remained for hours with his arms crossed on the table, and his forehead resting upon them, in such deep thought, that he did not move when persons came in. There were many among his friends who attributed his changed appearance to his confinement, and mental anxiety as to the result of his trial, and still persisted in their belief of his innocence; but then there were those who thought otherwise, and who fancied that remorse had begun its work, and that, as the day of retribution approached, Harry's bold heart, which had hitherto borne him up, was failing him. They said it was an evil omen to see him sinking thus, and giving up as if he were already a doomed man; they did not like it—it seemed a harbinger of a darker fate.

Neither hope nor dread can hasten or protract the steady march of time; and in due time, the day of trial arrived. It was a bright day in the autumn, when skies are cloudless, and the fields and trees were clad in rainbow-liveries. It was an idle time, too, in the country, and from far and near the inhabitants of town and hamlet gathered in to see the sight. A man with his life at stake, and struggling and battling for it, with so mighty and shrewd an adversary as *law*. It was indeed a great sight. It was worth going miles to witness. Nor was it the less exciting that they knew the victim, and that many of them had hitherto admired his noble and upright character, and loved the man. But he had shed blood, and must pay the forfeit.

The court-house was a venerable, old stone building, standing by itself, in the midst of a green lawn; and at some distance from any house. But its solitude was now broken by the hum of voices; for from every quarter people were pouring in; old and young, women, and even children, were there. Some were speaking on indifferent subjects; of the times; of the difficulties with England; of the state of the crops; and one old man, broken down and tottering, of his fields—of what he intended to plant in them on the following year; and of young trees which he had set out; of the pleasure he anticipated, in sitting under their shade, when they should become great, and tall, and overshadowed his house. "They were saplings now; but they would grow fast; and in a few years, would be quite shady;" and the old fellow laughed, and shook his head, and rubbed his hands, as he thought of it. In three weeks, the soil was on his coffin; and when those trees were grown, they had passed into the possession of strangers; and the hands that planted them were dust.

Some were talking of the murder; and of Wickliffe; and of what a pest he had been to the country round, so quarrelsome; and what a pity it was that a fine young fellow, like Harry Blake, should have to die for having slain a man like him. Then they spoke of Mary Lincoln; and one of them lowered his voice, and said, that he heard that this was killing her. He had seen the doctor, who had been at Mr. Lincoln's twice a day, since Harry Blake's imprisonment, and he had said, that he was afraid it would go hard with her; she was very ill. Then the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of more new-comers. In another part of the lawn, an old man was leaning on a cane, addressing a crony, who seemed as old and time-worn as himself.

"Ah! neighbor Williams," said he, "this is a very sad business—a very sad business. I knew his father before him; and I have known Harry since he was a mere baby—who'd 'a thought it of him?—who'd 'a thought it?"

Neighbor Williams shook his head; as much as to say, that nobody would have thought it; but seemed to think further expression of opinion unnecessary, for he said nothing.

"He was a warm-hearted little boy; and a very likely man—a very likely man," continued the first speaker. "It grieves me to see him here. It does, indeed, neighbor Williams."

Again neighbor Williams shook his head; probably to intimate, that it grieved him too; but as before, he remained silent.

It is a matter of some uncertainty, how long neighbor Williams might have been thus entertained by his companion, had not their conversation been interrupted by a general buzz of "Here he comes!" The next moment, Harry Blake walked through the crowd, with an officer on each side of him. He was exceedingly pale; but his face was full of calm determination, and his step firm and strong. He looked neither to the right nor left; and, apparently without noticing a soul, entered the court-house. The crowd gathered close at his heels; and the next instant, were striving, and struggling, and fighting, to obtain a good position in the court-room.

Harry Blake seemed quite collected; and the crowd felt somewhat disappointed, that a man who had committed a murder should look like other men. Some whispered that he was a hardened reprobate, not to show some remorse; and others said, that none but an innocent man could appear so calm and composed. There was a great deal of whispering and talking among them, whilst the jury were getting empannelled; but when the counsel for the prosecution rose to open his cause, they were so silent, that they seemed not even to breathe.

He dwelt briefly, but clearly, on the facts which are already known. He stated that he should prove that, on the day of the murder, the prisoner and Wickliffe had been together at a tavern, not far from Schenectady; that a quarrel had arisen between them, and blows had passed; that the prisoner had knocked Wickliffe to the floor; that Wickliffe had fled, and that the prisoner had only been detained from following him by force, and had then called all there present to witness that he would be revenged on that man for the wrong done him, if it cost him his life; that he had finally been released by those who held him, on promising not to follow Wickliffe, but that he had positively refused to promise that the quarrel should drop there. That shortly afterwards, he left the house alone, taking the path which Wickliffe had already taken; that two of the persons who had been at the tavern with him, shortly afterwards left the inn and took the same road which he had taken; that on arriving at a very lonely part of it, they were alarmed by the cries of a person in distress, and uttering the words, "Mercy, mercy, Harry!" That these persons galloped to the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed, and found a man kneeling at the side of another just murdered, and grasping in his hand a knife, which was driven to the haft in the breast of his victim; that the murdered man was Hiram Wickliffe, the person with whom the prisoner had just quarrelled, and on whom he had sworn to be avenged; and that the person kneeling at his side was Harry Blake, the prisoner. There were footprints about the road, where there had evidently been a struggle, and these footprints had been examined and compared with the foot of the prisoner, and were found to coincide in size.

He stated his case concisely, yet clearly, and seemed to think the facts sufficiently strong, to require but little exertion of eloquence or ingenuity on his part. It is needless to linger on the detail of the testimony confirming the case, which the lawyer had stated in opening. It was most clearly proved, although every effort was made, by a severe and strict cross-examination, to embarrass and confuse the witnesses. It had been observed, when Walton and Grayson were called, that the prisoner became exceedingly pale; and when Grayson swore that he saw him stab Wickliffe, he compressed his lips, as if a sudden pain had shot through him, and clenched his fingers together, and bent his head down; nor did he look up until Grayson had left the stand. The old man was terribly agitated, and his testimony was drawn from him by piecemeal. He tottered as he left the stand; and as he passed where Blake sat, he muttered, in a low tone:

"I couldn't help it, Harry—indeed I couldn't; for it was the truth."

Blake looked painfully at him, but made no reply.

He had little or no defense to make. He could not contradict the facts. An effort was made by his lawyer to prove his general good character, his amiable disposition, and the little probability of his being guilty of a crime like this. He felt a strong inclination to admit the murder, and to attribute it to a blow struck in the heat of anger in a renewal of the quarrel which had been interrupted at the tavern; but Blake had positively forbidden a defense of that nature, declaring that it was false; that if he attempted to assert what was untrue, he would contradict him in the open court. And after a long, and labored, and hopeless speech, the lawyer sat down.

The reply of the counsel for the prosecution, and the charge of the judge, were both conclusive against him; and without leaving their seats, the jury returned a verdict of—"Guilty" of murder.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mary Lincoln came to herself, she would have gone back to Harry Blake's cell; but her father was afraid that it would prove too much for her strength, and he persuaded her to defer it until the morrow, promising that if she were then well, he would accompany her. She made but feeble objection, for she felt heavy-hearted, and almost reckless. Her father led her down the steps, and placed her in his wagon, and they drove off. It was a gay, sunshiny day; and parts of the road which they had to pass were thickly settled, and there were people scattered along it, and in the fields. The news of the murder, and of Harry Blake's arrest, had already got wind, and as they passed, those who knew them, stopped to look at them, and shook their heads, and said, "that this day would be a sad one to some of old George Lincoln's folks; that it was a pity so heavy a blow should fall on one so young as *she* was—she was a mere child—God bless her!"

Mary Lincoln sat quietly by her father's side, not noticing those whom they met, nor speaking until she reached her home. Her father lifted her out of the wagon in his arms, and accompanying her up stairs, told her to be of good heart, and left her to herself. What a chaos of bewildering thoughts was in that young girl's brain, as she threw herself upon her bed! how busy that little head was! how it teemed with hopes, and fears, and plans, and schemes to aid Blake! how confident she was of his innocence, and that he would be acquitted, without a shadow upon his name! Hour after hour passed while she lay there. Once or twice the door opened, and her father, or one of the females of the family, looked in, and seeing her so quiet, supposed that she slept, and closing the door gently, went out.

Sleep came at last; but it was troubled and broken; and when morning dawned, she found a woman watching at her bedside, and learned that she was in a high fever. Still she made light of it, and got up; and although she felt sharp pains shooting through her limbs, and her head swimming, she contrived to dress herself, and to go down stairs. In vain the nurse remonstrated. She replied, that she had promised to go to Harry Blake that day, and that she would keep her promise; but when she reached the hall, she tottered so, that she was compelled to abandon her intention, (for the prison was a long way off,) and to admit that her strength was gone. Well, if she could not see him, she could write; and going to her own room, and locking the door, she wrote a long letter. It was a very cheerful one, full of hope and gay anticipations, and of plans and projects to be carried into effect when he should be once more free. And she had *so* much to show him, and *so* much for him to do then. She begged him to keep up his spirits, for he was sure to be acquitted. She felt very sanguine of that; and, excepting that she could not see him every day, she felt no uneasiness as to the result, and was happy—quite happy. She folded the letter, sealed, and directed it; and with her own hands gave it to the person who was waiting for it. She bade him, in a cheerful tone, and with a bright smile, give it to Harry himself—to say that she was well—quite well, and in good spirits; that she had been unable to go to the prison that day, but would come to him to-morrow. She waved her hand gayly to the man as he galloped off. Who would have thought that the poor little heart of her who was keeping up so brave a face was breaking, and that in a minute from that time, she was locked in her own room, with her face buried in her hands, shedding the bitterest tears she had ever wept in her life? What sad and dreary thoughts came over her then—fears like shadows, which she could not define nor grasp, seemed flitting around her, hemming her in on every side, until she felt that there was no hope left; and that he and she were parted forever. Oh! how forlorn and hopeless she would be if he were gone! How lonely the world would be, to live on, day after day, week after week, and months, and years, and never see him again, nor hear his voice; and to know that he was in his grave; that as long as she lived, though hundreds might be about her, and love her, and do all that they could to make her happy, still that he would never be among them again. No, no! it could not be—it could not be. She felt that it would kill her.

The day passed heavily, and as night was closing in, an answer came from Blake; but it came to one whom it could not comfort; for Mary Lincoln was delirious.

Several weeks passed, and still she balanced between life and death; but one morning, the physician came down stairs from her, with a smile on his face. He said that his patient was decidedly better; she had little fever, and was rational; only keep her quiet and calm, and she would do well.

It was a morning of great excitement to Mr. Lincoln, however, for it was that of Blake's trial. He had concealed this from his daughter, and had endeavored to encourage her hopes, but there was something in his subdued manner, and his attempts at cheerfulness, as he spoke that morning of herself and Harry, and put aside the curtain of her bed and pressed his lips to her sunken forehead, and whispered her to keep up her spirits, and all would be well, which made her feel more dispirited than ever.

It was late in the afternoon, that George Lincoln was sitting in the hall, when he heard a horseman galloping in hot haste up the lane. He had not dared to leave his daughter that day; but a friend who had attended the trial had promised to send him immediate word of the verdict, so that, whatever it was, he might divulge it carefully to his daughter. He started up and hurried to the door; as he did so, the horseman dashed into the yard, and at the top of his voice bawled out—

"They've found Harry Blake guilty of murder, by God!"

The old man shook his hand at him, and made signs for him to be quiet; and, fearful that his words might have reached his daughter, without waiting to hear the particulars, hurried up to her room; and there he saw what made him through life a sadder man than he had ever been before; for, stretched on the floor, directly under the window, to which she had evidently been attracted by the arrival of the horseman, his daughter lay. A thin stream of blood was trickling from her mouth, and her eyes were closed. He caught her in his arms—a faint struggling breath escaped her lips. He thought, too, that she murmured the name of Harry Blake; but it might have been fancy, for her breath ceased, and when the loud cries of her father had brought to his assistance other members of the household, there was nothing to be done, but to lay on the bed the lifeless body of her who had been the pride of that old man's heart!

(*To be continued.*)

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

The following interesting notice of Powers, the gifted American sculptor, now in Italy, is quoted by the London Athenæum from Mrs. Trollope's recent Tour in Italy:—

Rather more than ten years ago, I became acquainted in Cincinnati, in Ohio, with a young man of the name of Powers; he was at that time an assistant to a Mons. Dorfeuille, the ingenious proprietor of a whimsical museum in which curious objects of natural history, North American antiquities, and historical groups of wax figures, were blended, and daily exhibited, for the amusement and edification of the *beau monde* of the western metropolis. The wax figures were moulded, or at any rate finished, by this young Mr. Powers; and there was a degree of talent displayed in this, that struck us all very forcibly, as being something greatly out of the common way. Encouraged perhaps, by the opinions expressed by the European party, of his skill in modeling, he undertook a bust in such clay as he could find, and produced what struck us all as the most wonderfully-perfect likeness we had ever seen. But we moved on, and heard no more of him. A few days after we arrived in Florence, we were invited to visit the studios of some of the most distinguished artisans at present working there. A young American, called Powers, was among the names first mentioned, and the instant I heard the name, I felt not the slightest doubt that by going to his studio I should meet my old acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There indeed I found the highly-gifted Hiram Powers, fully emerged from the boyish chrysalis state in which I had last seen him, into a full-fledged and acknowledged man of genius, in high fashion, overwhelmed with orders from wealthy patrons of all quarters of the globe, and with his rooms filled with admirable busts, all of them with more of that magical air of life about them, which we see and feel, in the works of the ancient sculptors, than any collection of modern marbles that I have ever visited. His busts are life-like to a degree that made me look at him with wonder. When we left him at Cincinnati, he was a lad that had seen nothing of any art but the art Divine which had formed the living creatures around him; and nothing but that intuitive faculty, without which, I presume, genius cannot exist, could have hurried him forward to the place he now holds among living artists. Having examined all he had to show me, with equal surprise and pleasure, I ventured to ask him if he had never tried his hand upon any ideal work. "In marble?" he replied. "Yes," said I, "some group, not merely consisting of a portrait, but something imaginative." He shook his head. "I am married, and have two children," he said. "For busts I have as many orders as I can execute; I must not risk the loss of this lucrative business, in order to indulge myself in works of imagination. If my success continue, I may, perhaps, in time, venture to attempt something of the kind. But I cannot afford it yet." "But do you not sometimes imagine compositions?" said I. "Do you not fancy things that you would like to execute?" "Why, yes," he replied, smiling, "I certainly have fancied things that I should like to execute, and I will show you one of them." He then led the way to another room, and there, behind a screen, was a figure mounted on a pedestal, and I saw at once that it was a full-length as large as life, though it was veiled from head to foot with a cloth." "Here," said he, pausing before he uncovered it, "is a figure in clay, on which I have bestowed some labor, and more thought; but I dare not do it in marble; I dare not try my chisel upon it, unless I could get an order for the statue; and I cannot hope for that as yet. I mean it as a representation of Eve." He then withdrew the drapery that concealed it, and displayed an undraped female that I gazed upon with unfeigned astonishment. I have no words of art at my command which might enable you to conceive all the blended dignity and simplicity of this beautiful figure. In size, it is not beyond nature, but it is nature in very full perfection, and admirably well accords with the idea that it seems natural to conceive of the universal mother, and the model of woman, as she came from the hand of the Creator, before any accident of earth had tarnished her perfection. In her right hand she holds the fatal apple, and athwart the still heavenly composure of her fair face, one may trace a slight shade of incipient anxiety, just sufficient to make one feel that she is not divine, but human. But what struck me in the composition, still more than the grace and loveliness, was the almost severe simplicity with which it was conceived and executed. There is in it something that gave me the idea of the pride of genius, that could not stoop to borrow a charm from look, or attitude, but trusted all to beauty and in truth alone. Powers watched, almost wholly in silence, the impression that his work made upon us; and when at length we turned away from it, he threw the veil again over it, saying, with something like a sigh, "I should like to do it." Most heartily do I wish that some one may ere long look upon that Eve of clay with as sincere admiration as I did, and with money enough to boot, to command that she should immediately receive the immortality of marble; for well does she deserve it.

From the Liberator.

THE QUAKER.

The Quaker is one whose Christian character has recently experienced a very rude and singular attack from divers quarters. He has been accused of indifference to the cause of bleeding humanity, and of having in general lost much of that primitive zeal, which once distinguished his sect. Having recently had some opportunity to make observations upon his character, and to hear what might be offered in extenuation of his course, I beg leave to say a few words in his defense.

When the anti-slavery reform was commenced, the Quaker, guided by the instinctive sympathy of his soul, gave it his cordial support; but, in doing this, he fears he was "running without being sent," as more recent developments have taught him that he can have no unity with those who are struggling for the slave's release from the prison-house of oppression. His reasons for this view of the subject are several. In the first place, *his sect has been attacked*. He was formerly a constant reader of the Liberator, and day by day looked forward to the time of its weekly arrival with the deepest interest. Nay, he was accustomed to laugh, in a *quiet way*, with no small degree of satisfaction at the unceremonious manner in which brother Garrison was accustomed to deal out reproof upon the heads of the Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and others of the *more worldly* and *unspiritual* sects, which the Quaker regarded as unbaptized of the Holy Ghost. But when the Liberator fancied he had discovered some reprehensible short-comings in the *Quakers*, and had the unexampled hardihood to express his views of *their* conduct, what marvel that an Israelite indeed should feel horror-stricken to see an uncircumcised Gentile put forth his hand to steady the ark of God? For this reason, then, he deems himself entirely excusable for the course he has more recently adopted, in regard to the abolition enterprise; especially as some Friends, who have persisted in fellowshipping the abolitionists, "have fallen into a hard, dark state of mind"—so much so, as to have been cut off by the brotherhood. The objector may observe here, that brother Garrison's opinion of the conduct of the Quakers smells strong of reason and common sense; but it may be readily answered, that as these attributes are both merely human, they have consequently long since been discarded by the "more solemn and weighty Friends."

But the Quaker has other and stronger objections to engaging in the anti-slavery enterprise. From its commencement until the present time, it has been attended, as it probably will be in time to come, with great agitation, and with the manifest disturbance of the ease of many. This is evidently opposed to that quiet state, which, more especially of late, has been so highly esteemed among Friends. In regard to this latter position, it may be remarked, by some one ignorant of the established usage of the Quakers, that it seems like an inconsistency, that one pretending to so great a love for the quiet should have been, in some instances, so active in the recent "Harrison reform"—nay, should have suffered himself, in cases which might be specified, to be drawn by many pair of oxen, amid the noisy cheers of half-intoxicated partisans, all huddled together in a great wagon, to attend a log-cabin hurrah, and should have given forth from under the capacious awning of his broad brim, many a gracious smile of approbation upon the wicked and senseless tumult around him; and that, although this might have been the case only with some individuals, yet their conduct was never condemned by the brotherhood—at least was never deemed by them, as anti-slavery has been, evidence of having fallen into "a dark, hard state of mind." But it should be remembered by such an ignorant caviller, that the Tippecanoe gatherings, and the *Tyler* elections, (although noisy affairs, and tending to the support of slavery, which is rather a noisy institution,) were merely political and worldly matters; and that the prevailing tone of sentiment among the Quakers demands *total apathy* of its friends only in relation to *moral or religious* questions; especially in reference to the exertions of a few buffeted and unpopular individuals, to dry up the tear falling on the cheek of humanity, and to bind up the broken heart, into which the icy, cold finger of despotism has been thrust to snap in twain its cords of affection and love.

The Quakers have been complained of for refusing to open their meeting-houses for the accommodation of anti-slavery lecturers. But this is no matter of surprise, since the abolition question has, of late, been too often dragged into politics, which Friends have ever regarded as repulsive to the light within, and tending to stifle its silent monitions, speaking in the stillness of the soul. While speaking of other matters, the Quaker does not forget to mention that he holds in utter abhorrence the conduct of those who have gone into Friends' meetings, and disturbed their worship by denouncing their sins; and if it be contended that George Fox and his friends did pursue a similar course, it was in rebuking *men of this world*, and not in reproving "God's peculiar people," nor in denouncing "*His* peculiar institutions." If this be not deemed a reason sufficiently weighty, it may be added, that Friends do not feel themselves bound to follow any old precedent; nor is it reasonable that, in an age of improvement like this, the Quakers should be prevented, by a superstitious adherence to old forms, from carrying on their favorite system of quiet to a state of perfection. The Quaker acknowledges that he voted for S. W. King to be governor of Rhode Island, notwithstanding all his horror of politics; but this was only at a peculiar emergency, when the State was in danger; and if it *be* true that he backed out, and left the governor without his assistance at the very time when it was most needed, yet it should be kept in mind that he helped instate King in office, not that he might *fight or raise armies*, but merely that he might maintain the power of the charter by *civil* means.

So much I offer in defense of the Quakers at the present time. If need be, I may continue my remarks at some future period.

Thy friend, EORNOM.

JOHN Q. ADAMS ON TEMPERANCE.

In the ardor of your zeal for moral reform, forget not the rights of personal freedom. All *excess* is of the nature of intemperance. Self-government is the foundation of all our political and social institutions, and it is by self-government alone that the laws of temperance can be enforced. In the effort to recover your brother from treading the primrose path of dalliance with the Circean cup, allure him by kindness, rather than repel him by reproach. Teach him still more by example than by precept. Seek not to force upon him by legislative enactment, that virtue which he can possess only by the dictates of his own conscience, and the energy of his own will. Let no tincture of party politics be mingled with the pure stream from the pure fountain of temperance. May the watchword of moral reform be the inscription upon your banners, and may the standard of your spiritual and anti-spiritual warfare, in concert with those congenial armies, be borne aloft in triumph, till the cause of temperance shall spread, "conquering and to conquer, from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

WOMEN ON THE WATERS, AS WELL AS "IN THE FIELD."

The women rowers of Saltash, who have acquired such laurels at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Devonport, left Southampton in the Grand Turk to proceed to the Havre regatta last week, in order to contest for a prize for amateur rowers, open to all the world. They were most politely received by the committee. But the Frenchmen declined the proposed encounter on even terms; and at length it was arranged that a match should take place between the Glanvillites and the English boatmen, and a subscription was entered into by the committee for a prize to be contended for by the Amazonian champions with the Englishmen, and in a few minutes 400 francs were forthcoming for the purpose. English rowers volunteered from the Grand Turk—the boats were manned and *we*-manned respectively. The race, which was well contested on both sides, was soon begun and concluded, and, amid the cheers of 20,000 spectators, the Saltash women carried the day, and earned a new trophy on the bosom of the Seine. The successful Saltishers left the harbor amid renewed cheers at their success, and returned in the Brunswick to Plymouth.—*Hampshire Independent.*

GLASS WAISTCOATS.

The very ingenious discovery of working glass into a substance resembling the richest silk, is now being brought into very general operation, and in various ways, such as gentleman's waistcoats, and stocks, ladies' dresses, and many other articles of decoration, in the most splendid paterns. It is superior even to silk in flexibility and softness; and the durability of it, a point, however, of no consideration with the *haut ton*, among whom at present it exclusively is, is, as a matter of course, vastly superior. In process of time, when the manufacture has arrived at a more perfect state, and all its defects are remedied, and all its wastings discovered, in all probability, it will come within the reach of most classes of society, but at present, its cost is its only drawback. The magnificence of its appearance is quite remarkable, and when used in any quantity, such as window curtains, &c., it should be seen before a just appreciation of its richness and elegance can be entertained. [*London Paper.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

TIME IS MONEY.—So Franklin observed. It is very true, and some people take plenty of it to pay their debts.—*N. O. Pic.*

A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.—"I say, my little son, where does that righ-hand road go?" "Don't know, sir; taint been nowhere since we lived here."

SPICY PUN.—The following toast was given at a dinner in the nutmeg-producing State of Connecticut: "*The Nutmeg State.* Where shall we find a *grater?*"

SCENE IN A DERATING SOCIETY.—President—We will take the ayes and noes on the previous question.

Member—a word or two, Mr. President. Friends, Romans, Countrymen; lend me your *ears*——

President—Order, sir; we will take the *eyes* and *noes* first!—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A FAIR HIT.—A young gentleman at a temperance meeting, on being asked to sign the pledge, excused himself by saying, "I am not quite ready." At the close of the meeting he proposed to one of the young ladies present to see her home. "I am not quite ready," was the laconic reply.

A RULE FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—The following advice of President Witherspoon to his pupils, might be of benefit to some orators of the present day: "In the first place, take care that ye ne'er begin to speak till ye ha' something to say; and secondly, be sure to leave off as soon as ye ha' done."

COMPLIMENTARY.—"Have you heard my *last* speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "No," replied the person addressed, with a shrug, "I wish to goodness I had."

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMRS.

IMITATION WAX CANDLES.—Throw quicklime in melted mutton suet. The lime will settle at the bottom, carrying with it all impurity. Turn off the clear tallow, and to every pound of it add three pounds of real wax. This makes a very handsome candle, not to be distinguished from entire wax.

FODDER YOUR COWS.—It is bad economy to allow cows to lose flesh in the fall. There is loss every way—loss of milk—loss of value, if you wish to sell—and equal loss, if you winter the animal yourself. She must be recruited in cold weather, and consequently under unfavorable circumstances, or she comes out poor and comparatively valueless, in the spring. It will cost less to keep her in good condition, when once she is so, than to raise her after she has run down; and then, all the milk you get more, is clear gain; besides, your cow is much less exposed to disease; and if she should chance to get her leg broken, she is beef. It is good economy as a general thing, to keep cows and oxen constantly fit for beef. In order to do this, as grass grows short, or frost bitten, unless you have plenty of roots, pumpkins, or apples, they should be fed with hay, once a day at least. My cows eat more than one-third as much hay, or other extra fodder, in October, as in January. And they need it. Last year I commenced foddering them about the middle of September.—*Vermont Farmer.*

STUMPS.—Stumps are among the most troublesome obstacles in the settlement of a new country. A machine is sometimes used, with lever power, to eradicate them. It is literally a huge "tooth puller." It requires great power, and much expense and time, to accomplish the business, even with this machine. A better contrivance, because more simple and cheap, we saw practised the other day. A little excavation was made under the stump, and some combustible materials enclosed, and then set on fire. Previous to this, however, some dry materials were piled around the root, above the surface of the ground, and then covered over with a compact layer of turf, forming a sort of coal-pit. It has been found upon experiment, that the stumps will burn in this way, a number of days, with a sort of subterranean fire, and when the turf falls in, nearly everything of the root is found consumed below and above the surface of the ground. Passing by a field near where the canal enters the Connecticut, a while since, we noticed smoke issuing from twenty little mounds of earth, and upon inquiry, found they were burning out the stumps in the manner above described.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly. Half tilled land is growing poorer; well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep, or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order on the 1st of December is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm. He should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools when he can make or buy them—a high authority has said, the borrower is a servant to the lender.

No farmer should allow the reproach of neglected education to lie against himself or family. If "knowledge is power," the commencement should be early and deeply laid in the minds of his children.

A farmer should never use intoxicating liquors as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue and the hard labor of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

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